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EDITED FOR THE BENEFIT OF A FRIEND,

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
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To her literary friends, who have so liberally, readily, and cheerfully supplied her with the manuscripts which compose this collection, she cannot too strongly express her obligations. She is proud of the names she has been permitted to produce as her poetical helpmates on this occasion; and, so supported, feels herself honoured beyond what has ever yet fallen to the lot of any editor. To those, who, from diffidence or other reasons, have given her verses without a name, of which no name needed to have been ashamed, she is likewise greatly indebted, and she thanks them all with a warm and lively gratitude.

This volume also contains several MS. poems of one, who is now out of the reach of all thanks from a being of this world, written with that elegance, tenderness, and graceful facility which characterized every thing that came from her pen: a dutiful daughter, who loves and respects her memory, will consider the acknow-

ledgments implied in this notice as belonging to herself.*

The Editor begs the indulgence of the Reader, and the pardon of her poetical contributors, for any oversights or mistakes which may be discovered in the various pieces contained in this volume. The former will do well to attribute any want of correctness to herself, which will make the requested indulgence almost a personal boon: the latter will be assured that she has done no injury to their verses from any wilful carelessness; and will recollect, that in submitting them to an Editor, without classical learning, who never has written correctly, they have rendered themselves liable to be so injured,

* Since this volume was put to the press, Mr. Charles Johnson, the amiable and elegant writer of the greater number of the sonnets which are scattered over it, has sunk into an early grave. But it is to be hoped, that this melancholy event will not prevent the Public from being made acquainted with the other poetical productions which he has left behind him.

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MAC DUFF'S CROSS,

A DRAMA.

PRELUDE.

Nay, smile not, lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
And say that still there lurks amongst our glens
Some touch of strange enchantment. — Mark that frag-
ment,
I mean that rough-hewn block of massive stone,
Placed on the summit of this mountain pass,
Commanding prospect wide o'er field and fell,
And peopled village, and extended moorland,
And the wide ocean and majestic Tay,
And the far distant Grampians. — Do not deem it
A loosened portion of the neighbouring rock,
Detach'd by storm and thunder, — 'twas the pedestal
On which, in ancient times, a cross was rear'd,
Carv'd o'er with words which foil'd philologists;
And the events it did commemorate
Were dark, remote, and undistinguishable,
As were the mystic characters it bore.
But, mark, — a wizard by a southern stream,

Tuned but his magic harp to this wild theme,
And, lo! the scene is hallow'd. — None shall pass,
Now or in after days, beside that stone,
But he shall have strange visions ; — thoughts and words,
That shake, or rouse, or thrill the human heart,
Shall rush upon his memory when he hears
The spirit-stirring name of this rude symbol, —
Oblivious ages, at that simple spell,
Shall render back their terrors with their woes,
Alas! and with their crimes, — and the proud phantoms
Shall move with step familiar to his eye,
And accents which, once heard, the ear forgets not,
Though ne'er again to list them. — Siddons, thine,
Thou matchless Siddons! thrills upon our ear;
And on our eye thy lofty brother's form
Rises as Scotland's monarch. — But, to thee,
Joanna, why to thee speak of such visions?
Thine own wild wand can raise them. —
Yet since thou wilt an idle tale of mine,
Take one which scarcely is of worth enough
To give or to withhold. — But time creeps on,
Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life.
But if it be of worth enough to please,
That worth it owes to her who set the task,
If otherwise, the fault rest with the author.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA ... MAHAL.

MAC DUFF'S CROSS.

SCENE. — *The summit of a Rocky Pass, about two miles from the ancient Abbey of Lindores in Fife. In the centre is Mac Duff's Cross, an antique Monument; and at a small distance, on one side, a Chapel, with a lamp burning.*

Enter NINIAN *and* WALDHAVES, *Monks of Lindores.* — NINIAN *crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions.* — WALDHAVES *stands gazing on the prospect, as if in deep contemplation.*

NINIAN.

HERE stands the cross, good brother, consecrated
By the bold thane unto his patron saint
Magridius, once a brother of our house.
Canst thou not spare an ave or a creed?
Or hath the steep ascent exhausted you?
You trode it stoutly, though 'twas rough and toilsome.—

WALDHAVES.

I have trode a rougher—

NINIAN.

On the highland hills,
Scarcely within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bennarty.

THE LYNTOUN

WALDHAVES.

I spoke not of the literal path, good father,
But of the road of life which I had travell'd,
Ere I assumed this habit; — it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects,
As ours beneath was closed by dell and thicket.
Here we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around,
While earthly objects dwindle. — Brother Ninian,
Fain would I hope that mental elevation
Could raise me equally o'er worldly thoughts,
And place me by so much the nearer heaven. —

NINIAN.

'Tis good morality. — But yet forget not,
That though we look on heaven from this high eminence,
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch foe of man, possess the realms between.

WALDHAVES.

Most true, good brother; and men may be farther
From the fair haven they aim at, even because
They deem themselves secure on't.

NINIAN (*after a pause*).

You do gaze,
Strangers are wont to do so — on the prospect.
Yon is the Tay rolled down from highland hills,
That rests his waves after so rude a race

In the fair plains of Gowrie — westward yonder,
Proud Stirling rises — yonder to the east,
Dundee, the gift of God, and fair Montrose,
And still more northward lie the hills —

WALDHAVES.

Of Edzell.

NINIAN.

How know you the towers of Edzell?

WALDHAVES.

I've heard of them.

NINIAN.

Then have you heard a tale,
Which, when he tells, the peasant shakes his head,
And shuns the mouldering and deserted walls.

WALDHAVES.

Why, and by whom deserted?

NINIAN.

Long the tale —
Enough to say, that the last lord of Edzell,
Bold Reynold Lindesay, had a wife, and found —

WALDHAVES.

Enough is said, indeed — for a weak woman;
Aye, and a tempting fiend, lost paradise,
When man was innocent.

NINIAN.

They fell at strife,

Men say, on slight occasion that fierce Lindesay
Did bend his sword against De Berkeley's breast,
And that the lady threw herself between:
That then De Berkeley dealt the Baron's death-wound.
Enough, that from that time De Berkeley bore
A spear in foreign wars; — and, it is said,
He hath returned of late; and therefore, brother,
The prior hath ordain'd our vigil here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary,
And, rights of Clan Mac Duff. —

WALDHAVES.

What rights are these?

NINIAN.

Most true! You are but newly come from Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know then, when fell Mac Beth beneath the arm
Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,
A triple boon he ask'd, and thrice did Malcolm,
Stooping the sceptre, which the thane restored,
Assent to his request. And hence the rule,
That first when Scotland's king assumes the crown,
Mac Duff's descendant rings his brow with it:
And hence, when Scotland's king calls forth his host,
Mac Duff's descendant leads the van in battle;
And last, in guerdon of the crown restored,
Red with the blood of the usurping tyrant,

The right was granted in succeeding time,
That, if a kinsman of the thane of Fife
Commit a slaughter on a sudden impulse,
And fly for refuge to this Cross Mac Duff;
He for his sake shall find it sanctuary;
For here must the avenger's step be staid,
And here the panting homicide find safety.

WALDHAVES.

And here a brother of your order watches,
To see the custom of the place observed?—

NINIAN.

Even so;—such is our convent's holy right,
Since Saint Magridius, blessed be his memory!
Did by a vision warn the abbot Eadmer,—
And chief we watch, when there is bickering
Among the neighbouring nobles, as most likely
From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindesay's blood upon his hand.—

WALDHAVES.

The Lindesay then was loved among his friends?

NINIAN.

Honour'd and fear'd he was—but little loved:
For even his bounty bore a show of sternness,
And when his passions waked, he was a Sathan,
For wrath and injury.

WALDHAVES.

How now, sir Priest — forgive me — I was dreaming
Of an old baron, who did bear about him
Some touch of your lord Louis.

NINIAN.

Lindesay's name, my brother,
Indeed was Louis; and methinks beside
That, as you spoke even now, he would have spoken.
I brought him a petition from our convent:
He granted straight, but in such tone and manner,
By my good saint! I thought myself scarce safe
Till Tay roll'd broad between us. I must now
Unto the chapel — meanwhile the vigil's thine;
And, at thy word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And, at thy word, the fury-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course — e'en as swoln Jordan
Controll'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the feet
Of those who bore the ark.

WALDHAVES.

Is this my charge?

NINIAN.

Even so; — and I am near, should chance require me.
At midnight I relieve you on your watch,
When we may taste together some refreshment.
I have cared for 't, and for a flask of wine,

There is no sin, so that we drink it not
Until the midnight hour, when lauds have toll'd.
Farewell awhile, and store of peace be with you.

[Exit towards the Chapel.

WALDHAVES.

It is not with me, and alas! alas!
I know not where to seek it. This monk's mind
Is with his cloister mark'd, nor lacks more room.
Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures, and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life. Even as some reptiles,
They say, are moulded to the very shape,
And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
In which they live and die. But for myself,
Hunted by passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony.
How now! what brings him back?

Re-enter NINIAN.

NINIAN.

Look to your watch, my brother;—horsemen come:
I heard the tread when kneeling in the chapel.

WALDHAYES.

My thoughts have rapt me more than thy devotions.

Else had I heard the tread of rushing horses
Farther than thou could'st hear the sacring bell;
But now in truth they come: — flight and pursuit
Are sights I've been long strange to. —

NINIAN.

See how they strain adown the opposing hill;
Yon grey steed bounding on the headlong path
As on the level meadow; and the black,
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron. — Thou dost frown
And clench thy hand, as if it grasp'd a weapon.

WALDHAVES.

'Tis but for shame to see one man fly thus
While only one pursues him. — Coward, turn! —
Turn thee, I say! thou art as stout as he,
And well may'st match thy single sword with his.
Shame, that a man should rein a steed like thee,
Yet fear to turn his front against a foe: —
I am ashamed to look on them.

NINIAN.

Yet look again, — they quit their horses now,
Unfit for the rough path: — the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still.

WALDHAVES.

I'll not believe that ever the bold thane

Rear'd up his cross to be a sanctuary
To the base coward, who shunn'd an equal combat. —
How's this? — that look — that mien — my eyes grow
dizzy. —

NINIAN.

He comes: — thou art a novice on this watch: —
Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him.
Let down thy cowl; — know that we spiritual champions
Have honor to maintain, and must not seem
To quail before the laity.

[WALDHAVES *lets down his cowl, and steps back.*

Enter MAURICE BERKELEY.

NINIAN.

Who art thou, stranger? speak thy name and purpose.

BERKELEY.

I claim the privilege of Clan Mac Duff.
My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage
Allies me nearly with the thane of Fife.

NINIAN.

Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?

BERKELEY.

Let him shew it,
Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

Enter LINDESAY *with his Sword drawn; he rushes at* BERKELEY; NINIAN *interposes.*

NINIAN.

Peace in the name of Saint Magridius!
Peace in our prior's name, and in the name
Of that dear symbol which did purchase peace
And good-will towards man! I do command thee
To sheathe thy sword and stir no contest here.

LINDESAY.

One charm I'll try first,
To lure this craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath harbour'd in.—Hear you, De Berkeley,
This is my brother's sword,—the hand it arms
Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death:—
If thou had heart to step a furlong off
And change three blows,—and for so short a space
As these good men may say an avemary,
So, heaven be good to me! I would forgive thee
Thy deed and all its consequences.

BERKELEY.

Were not my right hand fetter'd by the thought
That slaying thee were but a double guilt
In which to steep my soul, no bridegroom ever
Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride
More joyfully than I, young man, would wait
Upon your challenge.

LINDESAY.

He quails and shuns to look upon my weapon,
Yet boasts himself a Berkeley.

BERKELEY.

Lindesay; and if there were no deeper cause
For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,
That rock-hewn cross as soon should start and stir,
Because a hunter-boy blew horn beneath it,
As I for brag of thine.

NINIAN.

I charge you both, and in the name of heaven,
Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,
Where christian men must bear them peacefully,
On pain of the church-thunders. — Calmly tell
Your cause of difference; — and lord Lindesay then
Be first to speak them.

LINDESAY.

Ask the blue welkin — ask the silver Tay,
The northern Grampians — all know my wrongs;
But ask not me to tell them while a villain,
Who wrought them, stands and listens with a smile. —

NINIAN.

It is said ———
Since you refer us thus to general fame,
That Berkeley slew thy brother, the lord Louis,
In his own halls at Edzell —

LINDESAY.

Aye, in his halls —
In his own halls, good father, that's the word
In his own halls he slew him, while the wine
Pass'd on the board between! — The gallant thane,
Who wreaked Mac Beth's inhospitable murder,
Built not his cross to sanction deeds like these.

BERKELEY.

Thou say'st I came a guest; — I came a victim —
A destined victim, train'd on to the doom
His frantic jealousy prepar'd for me:
He fix'd a quarrel on me, and we fought.
Can I forget the form that came between us,
And perish'd by his sword? — 'Twas then I fought
For vengeance — until then I guarded life,
But then I sought to take it, and prevail'd.

LINDESAY.

Wretch! thou didst dishonor,
And then didst slay him.

BERKELEY.

There is a busy fiend tugs at my heart,
But I will struggle with it. — Youthful knight,
My heart is sick of war, my hand of slaughter;
I come not to my lordships or my land,
But seek just so much earth in some cold cloister
As I may kneel on living, and when dead

Which may suffice to cover me.—
Forgive me that I caus'd your brother's death;
And I forgive thee the injurious terms
With which thou taxest me.———

LINDESAY.

Take worse and blacker;—murderer—adulterer—
Art thou not moved yet?—

BERKELEY.

Do not press me further;
The hunted stag, even when he seeks the thicket,
If forc'd to stand at bay, grows dangerous!—
Most true, thy brother perish'd by my hand,
And if you term it murther, I will bear it.
Thus far my patience can—but if thou brand
The purity of yonder martyr'd saint,
Whom thus my sword but poorly did avenge,
With one injurious word, come to the valley,
And I will show thee how it shall be answer'd.—

NINIAN.

This heat, lord Berkeley, doth but ill accord
With thy late pious patience.—

BERKELEY.

Father, forgive, and let me stand excused
To Heaven and thee, if patience brooks no more.—
I loved this lady fondly—truly loved;
Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet her father

Conferr'd her on another. — While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul as hallowed
As those I send to Heaven; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor hand
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn. —

LINDESAY.

Follow me: — I am glad there is one spur
Can rouze thy sluggard metal. —

BERKELEY.

Make then obeisance to the blessed cross,
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion. —

(They are going off.)

WALDHAVES. *(Rushing forward.)*

Madman, stand —
Stay but one second, — answer but one question.
There, Maurice Berkeley, can'st thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou'st spoken truth? —

BERKELEY.

I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder'd innocent,
Each seeming charge against her was as false
As Ermengarde was spotless. — Hear, each saint!
Hear me, thou holy rood! — hear me from Heaven,
Thou martyr'd excellence! — Hear me from penal fire,
(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated?)
Stern ghost of her destroyer! ———

WALDHAVES. (*Throws back his cowl.*)

He hears! he hears! —thy spell hath rais'd the dead.

LINDESAY.

My brother! — and alive! —

WALDHAVES.

Alive, but yet, my Richard, dead to thee. —
No tie of kindred binds me to the world:
All were renounc'd, when with reviving life
Came the desire to seek the sacred cloister. —
Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat,
Like to a pack of blood-hounds in full chace,
My passions and my wrongs have followed me,
Wrath and remorse — and to fill up the cry,
Thou hast brought vengeance hither. —

LINDESAY.

I but sought
To do the act and duty of a brother

WALDHAVES.

I ceased to be so when I left the world. —
But if he can forgive, as I forgive,
God sends me here a brother in mine enemy,
To pray for me, and with me. — If thou can'st,
De Berkeley, give thy hand. —

BERKELEY. (*Gives his hand.*)

It is the will
Of Heaven made manifest, in thy preservation,

To save from further bloodshed; for, De Berkeley,
The votary, Maurice, lays the title down.—
Go to his halls, lord Richard, where a maiden,
Kin to his blood, and daughter in affection,
Heirs his broad lands.—If thou can'st love her, Lindesay,
Woo her and be a speeder.

FAIR MEAD LODGE,

EPPING FOREST.

(AN EXTRACT FROM "RETROSPECTION," A MS. POEM.)

Hail, Fair Mead! hail, my forest glade!
Thou green isle, girt around with shade!
Woods, where of old with hound and horn
The Norman hunter woke the morn:
Where yet along the grassy lawn
At dim of eve, and grey of dawn,
The deer his silent way pursues,
And prints his hoofs in treacherous dews:—
And thou, my lone and little lake,
Where the stag loves his thirst to slake,
When summer on the gilded stream,
Darts the broad sun-shine's noon-day beam!
Hail, peaceful Lodge! my summer-seat,
A wild, sequestered, lone retreat,
Oer-shadow'd by a Druid oak
That whilome felt the woodman's stroke,
Then, as disdainful of the blow,
Drove its gnarl'd roots more deep below,
And proudlier to the tempest spread,
An ampler girt, a broader head.

There, underneath its brow that rears
The burden of a thousand years,
Beneath the arms whose branch of yore
The quiver of the Norman bore,
And heard the twanging of the yew
When Harold's shaft like lightning flew;
I trace the spots in grove and glade,
Where in wild woods my childhood stray'd,
When the full moon at magic hour
Shot thro' the leaves a spangled show'r,
That show'd upon the dewy blade
Fresh rings that fairy feet betray'd.

Are these the haunts where stray'd the child,
Thro' thorny brakes and thickets wild?
How chang'd the scene! With fond delay,
The woodman, lingering on his way,
Asks the cold soil, and clay-bound earth,
What magic hand has chang'd its birth,
Or art — if art — in that recess
Has tam'd the forest wilderness?

Mary! thy hand hath touch'd that place,
And o'er it cast an added grace;
And where wild nature spread the wood,
And o'er the darken'd solitude,
The beech, the oak, the horn-beam sprung,
And hollies spir'd the thorns among,

Thy touch hath clear'd th' ungenial shade,
And gladden'd with new suns the glade.
Th' acacia, laurel, cypress, thine,
And bow'rs that breathe of eglantine.
It was thy hand that rear'd my grove,
And lin'd with moss the seat I love,
Entic'd the ivy-twine that weaves
O'er the thatch'd roof its glossy leaves;
Shap'd each gay plot that decks the scene,
And wound my walk their flow'rs between:
There, from Italia's fragrant shore,
Gay shrubs to deck my dwelling bore;
There bade the myrtle scent the gale,
With sweets that breath'd on Arno's vale;
Woo'd gentlest Zephyrs to awake
The flow'rs that glow'd o'er Como's lake,
And Britain's boldest suns illume
The Pæstan rose's double bloom. ———
Sweet is it in such haunts to dwell,
And bid life's troublous scenes farewell,
Nursing in peaceful solitude
High visions that the world exclude!
If yet one spot — one resting place —
  Where Peace may build on earth her bow'r,
And in its hallow'd haunt retrace
  A dream of Eden's blissful hour,

'Tis in that sole, that sacred spot,
  Where innocence and woman dwell;
'Tis in that heart, which wavering not,
  Believes what God has deign'd to tell;
And anchoring its hope above,
Passes o'er earth in simple love.
Such, Mary! thy unsully'd heart,
And such the spot, where'er thou art.—

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

"The most original and beautiful, perhaps, of all Schiller's poems, unequalled by any thing of Goethe's, is called 'The Song of the Bell,'—a varying irregular lyric strain. The casting of a bell is, in Germany, an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighbourhood of the Hartz, and the other mine districts, you read formal announcements in the newspapers from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared, and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas, forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting, and the cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and a felicity of expression, in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly forms an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes he breaks forth into the most beautiful episodaic pictures of the various scenes of life, with which the sounds of the bell are connected."*

Vivos voco. — *Mortuos plango.* — *Fulgura frango.*

Fast immur'd within the earth,
Fixt by fire the clay-mould stands,
This day the Bell expects its birth;
Courage, comrades! ply your hands!
Hotly from the brow
Must the sweat-drop flow:
If by his work the master known,
Yet — Heav'n must send the blessing down.

* The above passage, in which the peculiar character of "The Bell of Schiller" is described with much taste and feeling, is extracted from a very entertaining publication of Mr. Dodd, "An Autumn near the Rhine."

The work we earnestly prepare,
May well an earnest word demand:
When cheering words attend our care,
Gay the labour, brisk the hand.
Then, let us weigh with deep reflection,
What by more force must be achiev'd;
And rightly scorn his mis-direction,
Whose foresight ne'er his work conceiv'd.
'Tis this, that human nature graces,
This, gifted reason's destin'd aim,
That in itself the spirit traces
Whate'er the hand shall fitly frame.

Billets of the fir-wood take,
Every billet dry and sound;
That flame on gather'd flame awake,
And vault with fire the furnace round.
Cast the copper in,
Quick, due weight of tin,
That the Bell's tenacious food,
Rightly flow in order'd mood.

What now within the earth's deep womb
Our hands by help of fire prepare,
Shall on yon turret mark our doom,
And loudly to the world declare!

There its aërial station keeping,
Touch many an ear to latest time;
Shall mingle with the mourner's weeping,
And tune to holy choirs its chime.
All that to earth-born sons below
The changeful turns of fortune bring,
The Bell from its metallic brow
In warning sounds shall widely ring.

Lo! I see white bubbles spring: —
Well! — the molten masses flow.
Haste, ashes of the salt-wort fling,
Quick'ning the fusion deep below.
Yet, from scoria free
Must the mixture be,
That from the metal, clean and clear,
Its sound swell tuneful on the ear.

Hark! 'tis the birth-day's festive ringing!
It welcomes the beloved child,
Who now life's earliest way beginning,
In sleep's soft arm lies meek and mild.
As yet in time's dark lap repose,
Life's sunshine lot, and shadowy woes,
While tenderest cares of mothers born
Watch o'er her infant's golden morn.

The years like winged arrows fly:
The stripling from the female hand
Bursts into life all wild to roam;
And wandering far o'er sea and land,
Returns a stranger home.
There, in her bloom divinely fair,
An image beaming from the sky,
With blushing cheek and modest air
A virgin charms his eye.
A nameless longing melts his heart,
Far from his comrades' revels rude,
While tears involuntary start,
He strays in pathless solitude, —
There, blushing, seeks alone her trace;
And if a smile his suit approve,
He seeks the prime of all the place,
The fairest flow'r to deck his love. —
Enchanting hope! thou sweet desire!
Thou earliest love! thou golden time!
Heav'n opens to thy glance of fire,
The heart o'erflows with bliss sublime.
Oh that it might eternal prove
The vernal bloom of youthful love!

See! the pipes are browning over!
This little rod I inly dip;

If coated there with glassy cover,
Let not the time of fusion slip.
Now, companions! — move,
Now, the mixture prove.
If each alike, in one design
The brittle and the ductile join.

For where strength with softness joins,
Where force with tenderness combines,
Firm the union, sweet the song.
Thus, ere thou wed no more to part,
Prove first if heart unite with heart:
The dream is brief, repentance long.
Sweet, 'mid the tresses of the bride,
Blooms the virgin coronal,
When merry bells ring far and wide
Kind welcome to the festival.
Ah, that life's fairest festive day
Fades with the blossom of our May!
That when the veil and cestus fall,
The sweet illusions vanish, all! —
The passion, — it flies,
The love must endure:
The blossom, — it dies,
The fruit must mature.

Forth the husband must wend
To the combat of life;
Plunge in turmoil and strife.
Must plant, and must plan;
Gain get as he can.
Hazard all, all importune,
To woo and win fortune.
Then streams, like a spring-flood, his wealth without
measure,
And his granaries groan with the weight of their treasure;
And his farm-yards increase, and his mansion expands.

Now the house-wife within
Her course must begin;
Nurse, mother, and wife
Share the troubles of life:
Discreetly severe
Rule all in her sphere;
Give each maiden employ,
Watch each troublesome boy.
With orderly care,
Keep all in repair;
And store without ceasing
Her riches increasing:
Fill her sweet-scented coffers; and, restlessly twirling,
Set each spindle a spinning, each wheel ever whirling;

And in smooth polish'd ward-robes range row above
row,
Her woollen all radiant, her linen all snow;
And trim them, and pranck them, and fashion them ever,
And rest — never. —

The father now, with deep delight,
From his proud seat's wide-seeing roof,
Sums up the wealth that feasts his sight;
The branching columns that support
The loaded barns rang'd round the court;
Granaries that with corn o'er-flow,
And harvests billowing to and fro:
And deems, fond man! that, propt on gain,
Like pillars that the globe sustain,
His house in glory shall withstand
Misfortune's rough and ruthless hand.
But — none — no mortal can detain
Fate in adamantine chain.
Mischance with hurried foot advances.

'Tis time. — Now, now begin the fusion:
The crevice now yields promise fair.
Yet, pause — nor hasten the conclusion,
Till Heav'n has heard our pious pray'r.
Push the stopper out.
Saints! watch the house about.

Smoking in the handle's bow,
Shoot the waves that darkly glow. —

Beneficent the fire, whose flame
The pow'r of man can watch and tame;
When all, whate'er he forms and makes,
From Heav'n's kind gift perfection takes.
But terrible this gift of Heav'n,
When bursting forth, its fetters riv'n,
This free-born child of nature free
Issues in random liberty.
Woe — woe — when loose, without controul,
Gathering fresh force to feed their ire,
On thro' the populous city roll,
Sheeted flames of living fire!
The elements, unpitying, hate
Whate'er the hands of man create.
From the clouds
Blessings flow,
Rain streams below:
From the clouds,
Here and there,
Lightnings glare.
Heard you yon turret moan from high?
Storm is nigh.
Red as blood
The Heav'n's suffusion;

Not that, daylight's glowing flood.
What confusion!
Clouds of smoke
The dark streets choke;
Flaring mounts up higher and higher,
Through lengthen'd streets, the pillar'd fire,
Borne before the wild wind's ire.
The flame as from a furnace streams,
Glows the ether, crack the beams;
Mothers wandering, children moaning,
Cattle under ruins groaning;
Windows clattering, pillars crushing,
All for safety wildly rushing.
This way, that way, twisting, turning,
Midnight like the noonday burning,
Hand to hand, a lengthen'd chain,
How they strain!
Fly the buckets; flood and fountain
Burst in liquid arches mounting:
The howling tempest on its course
Gives to the flames resistless force:
The fire-flood through each granary streams,
And blazes o'er the rafter'd beams;
And, as if the self-same hour
Would earth and all its growth devour,
To heav'n it rears its tow'ring flight,

Giant high!
Hopelessly
Beneath its godlike strength man bows the head:
And, as his treasures sink and sunder,
Beholds the ruins round him spread,
In idle wonder —
Consum'd by flame.
One waste the place:
Nought but the storm there leaves a trace.
In the wide casement's vacancy
Dire horrors brood,
And clouds that sweep aloft the sky
Look on its solitude.

One look — one last —
On that earth-womb,
His treasure's tomb:
One lingering look — 'tis o'er — 'tis past —
He grasps his staff — the world has room —
The raging flame not all has reft,
One heartfelt solace yet is left.
He numbers those belov'd the most, —
Of those, so lov'd, not one is lost.

All prosp'rous seems beneath the earth,
Full and kindly fill'd the mould:

But will the day that views its birth,
What crowns our toil and art behold?
If the fusion fail! —
If the mould prove frail! —
Ah! haply, while Hope's sunbeams glow,
Fate has already wrought the woe!

To the dark lap of holy earth
We trust the unaccomplish'd deed:
The sower fearless trusts his seed,
In hope to gather in the birth
At the blest time by heav'n decreed.
And far more precious seed concealing,
We mournful hide in earth's dark womb,
In hope that God, the grave unsealing,
Revive it, grac'd with brighter bloom.
From the dome,
Sad and slow,
Tolls the Bell,
The song of woe;—
Its sad, its solemn, strokes attend
A wand'rer to his journey's end.

Ah! 'tis the dear one — 'tis the wife!
'Tis the belov'd, the loving mother!
Who by the prince of darkness borne,
From her fond husband's arms is torn,—

Torn from each tender child away
She bore him in her bloom of day, —
Those who had grown upon her breast,
By love — a mother's love — carest.
Ah! the household's gentle band
Is loos'd for ever, — ever more;
She dwells within the shadowy land
Whose fondness hung that household o'er.
Now ceas'd her zealous occupation,
None her kindness more shall prove;
O'er that wide waste, that orphan station,
A stranger rules devoid of love.

While the Bell is cooling, rest,
Rest from toil and trouble free;
Each, as fits his fancy best,
Sport like bird at liberty.
Peeps a star in air,
The man void of care
At vesper chime from labor ceases:
No hour the master's care releases.

Quickly with unwearied paces
The wand'rer in wild woods afar
Seeks his household roof's embraces:
Bleating, homeward draw the sheep:
Herds and cows
Sleek their hides, and broad their brows,

Come back lowing,
Each his wonted manger knowing.
Charg'd with grain
In rocks the wain,
Harvest laden:
With gay leaves,
On the sheaves,
Garlands lie;
While to the dance the youthful mowers
Briskly fly.
Street and market hush their speaking;
The householders, when day decays,
Gather around their blissful blaze;
And the town-gate closes creaking.
Earth with clouds is darken'd over;
Yet underneath his roof's safe cover,
The peaceful burgher dreads not night,
Which wakes the wicked with affright,
While Law's keen eye ne'er rests its sight.

Holy Order! rich in blessing;
Heavenly daughter! whose caressing
To social bonds free man endears:
Thou, whose base the city rears;
Thou, who from the wild and wood
Call'st the unsocial savage brood,

To roofs that bind the household tie,
And sooth the soul with courtesy!
Hail, Thou that weav'st the dearest band,
The union of a Father-land!

A thousand busy hands in motion
Each to each its aid imparts,
And in brotherly devotion
Adds strength and grace to all the arts.
Man and master, in their station,
In Freedom's holy safeguard rest;
And in joyful occupation
Laugh to scorn the scorner's jest.
Work!—'tis the burgher's exaltation,—
A blessing rests on labor's head:
Honor the king who rules the nation,
Honor the hand that earns its bread.

Holy Peace!
Concord sweet!
Remain, remain:
O'er this region kindly reign.
Never may that day arise
When war's rough plund'rers shall assail!
And violate this peaceful vale:
Never may those lovely skies,

Which roseate eve's soft colours faint
Lovelily paint,
View on the blissful village roof
The battle-beacon flame aloof!

Break me the mould: its due employment
Now done, no more its aid we need.
Let heart and eye in full enjoyment,
On the well-formed image feed.
Swing, the hammer swing,
Till the cover spring.
When the earth the Bell releases,
The mould may split in thousand pieces.

The master breaks the mould in pieces,
And timely frees the precious charge;
But woe — if, as the flame encreases,
The glowing metal stream at large.
Blind-raging with the roar of thunder,
Forth from its riv'n cell it rushes;
And as from hell-jaws burst asunder,
Destruction with the fire-flood gushes.

Where senseless force misrules at pleasure,
No form comes forth in rule and measure —
When nations burst the social band,
Ill fares it with the ravag'd land.

Ah! woe! when in the city's slumber
By stealth a spark of fire gains force:
Woe! when the mob's unfetter'd number
Finds in itself its sole resource.
Then — Uproar, to the bell-ropes springing,
Spreads far and wide the dread alarm;
And where Peace hail'd its joyful ringing,
Its signal bids the city arm.

"Freedom! Equality!" — all crying,
The burgher arms for his defence;
Through streets, through halls, this, that way flying,
Fell Murder's bands their work commence.
Wild women, like hyænas darting,
Laughs mixed with groans, strange dread impart;
While thrills the nerve, while blood is starting,
The woman rends the quivering heart.

No sanctity the bosom shielding,
No decency, restraint, or shame,
The wicked, as the good are yielding,
To crime impunity proclaim.

'Tis dire to rouse a lion sleeping,
Terrific is the tiger's jaw;
But there's a woe surpasses weeping, —
'Tis savage man let loose from law:

Woe!—who to him, the blind, the cruel,
  Lends the blest gift from heav'n brought down—
It lights him not, but fires the fuel
  That turns to ashes land and town.

Joy! joy to me, kind heav'n has giv'n:
  Lo! like a star of golden birth,
The metal polish'd, smooth, and even,
  Comes from its coverture of earth.
    Lo! round its beauteous crown
    Sunlike radiance thrown
And the coat of arms' gay burnish
Shall to my skill new honor furnish.

  Come all! come all!
Close your ranks, in order settle;
Baptize we now the hallow'd metal:
  "Concordia!"—Such her name we call.
To harmony, to heartfelt union,
It gathers in the blest communion.
Be this henceforward its vocation;
For this I watch'd o'er its creation,
That while our life goes lowly under,
  The Bell, 'mid yon blue heav'n's expansion,
Should soar, the neighbour of the thunder,
  And border on the starry mansion.

Its voice from yon aërial height
  Shall seem the music of the sphere,
That rolling lauds its Maker's might,
  And leads along the crowned year:
To solemn and eternal things
  Alone shall consecrate its chime,
And hourly, as it swiftly swings,
  O'ertake the flying wing of time:
Shall lend to Fate its iron tongue,
  Heartless itself, nor form'd to feel,
Shall follow life's mix'd scenes among,
  Each turn of Fortune's fickle wheel —
And, as its echo on the gale
  Dies off, though long and lov'd the tone,
Shall teach that all on earth shall fail,
  All pass away — save God alone.
Now, with the rope's unweary'd might,
  From its dark womb weigh up the Bell,
That it may gain th' aërial height,
  And in the realm of Echo dwell.
      Draw! draw! — it swings;
      Hark! hark! it rings.
  Joy to this town, be heard around!
  Peace unto all, the Bell's first sound!

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphant arch! that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art:—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow! no fabling dreams,
  But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
  Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
  Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
  To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smil'd
  O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
  To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
  The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
  And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
  Unraptur'd greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy!
  Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glitt'ring in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town;
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow long conceal'd,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What may not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile when one could weep,
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one would wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot for thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But nature waits her sons to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And time leads with unerring feet,
The weary wanderer home.

Oh! Pow'r Supreme, that fill'st the whole
  Of wide creation's boundless space!
The Life of life, the Soul of soul,
  Where shall we find thy dwelling-place?

Is it in ether's boundless plains,
  Where radiant suns unnumber'd rise,
To warm their planetary trains,
  And cheer with light far-distant skies?

Above, below, and all around,
  Existence rises at thy call,
And, wrapt in mystery profound,
  Thy works proclaim thee, Lord of all.

On this small speck, our parent earth,
  How bounteously thy gifts are spread!
Rich blessings here receive their birth
  From Intellect by Science led.

Exploring land, and air, and sea,
  Bringing far-distant objects nigh;
And in thy works adoring thee,
  Beneath thy own all-seeing eye.

ADDRESS
TO
THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THE sun declines; his parting ray
Shall bear the cheerful light away,
And on the landscape close:
Then will I seek the lonely vale,
Where sober ev'ning's primrose pale,
To greet the night-star, blows.

Soft, melancholy bloom! to thee
I turn with conscious sympathy;
Like thee, my hour is come:
When length'ning shadows slowly fade,
Till, lost in universal shade,
They sink beneath the tomb.

By thee I'll sit, and inly muse
What are the charms in life we lose
When time demands our breath:
Alas! the load of ling'ring age
Has little that can hope engage,
Or point the shaft of death.

No ! 'tis the pang alone to part
From those we love, that rends the heart ;
That agony to save
Some nameless pow'r in nature strives ;
Our fading hope in death revives,
And blossoms on the grave.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE

LINES,

WRITTEN IN LADY LONSDALE'S ALBUM, AT LOWTHER CASTLE, OCT. 13. 1821.

Sometimes in youthful years,
When in some ancient ruin I have stood,
Alone and musing, till with quiet tears
I felt my cheeks bedew'd,
A melancholy thought hath made me grieve
For this our age, and humbled me in mind,
That it should pass away and leave
No monuments behind.

Not for themselves alone
Our fathers lived; nor with a niggard hand
Raised they the fabrics of enduring stone,
Which yet adorn the land:
Their piles, memorials of the mighty dead,
Survive them still, majestic in decay;
But ours are like ourselves, I said,
The creatures of a day.

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With other feelings now,
Lowther! have I beheld thy stately walls,
Thy pinnacles, and broad embattled brow,
And hospitable halls.
The sun those wide spread battlements shall crest,
And silent years unharming shall go by,
Till centuries in their course invest
Thy towers with sanctity.

But thou the while shalt bear,
To after times, an old and honour'd name,
And to remote posterity declare,
Thy founder's virtuous fame.
Fair structure! worthy the triumphant age
Of glorious England's opulence and power,
Peace be thy lasting heritage,
And happiness thy dower!

SONNET.

Not love, nor war, nor the tumultuous swell
Of civil conflicts, nor the wrecks of change,
And duty struggling with afflictions strange,
Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell;
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,
There also is the muse not loth to range,
Watching the blue smoke of the elmy grange,
Skyward ascending from the twilight dell.
Meek aspirations please her lone endeavour,
And sage content and placid melancholy;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river,
Diaphanous, because it travels slowly:
Soft is the music that would please for ever,
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

SONNET.

A VOLANT tribe of bards on earth are found,
Who, while the flatt'ring zephyrs round them play,
On "coignes of vantage" hang their nests of clay,
Work cunningly devis'd, and seeming sound;
But quickly from its airy hold unbound
By its own weight, or wash'd, or blown away
With silent imperceptible decay.
If man must build, admit him to thy ground,
O Truth! — to work within the eternal ring,
When the stars shine, or while day's purple eye
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;
When even the motion of an angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

TO MRS. FRY,

THE REFORMER OF NEWGATE.

Help, Master, help! — we sink — our toil is vain —
We perish — help! — the faint disciples cried:
The Saviour rose and look'd upon the main,
And lo! the billows at his word subside.

But who is she, mid dungeons, chains, and cells?
(Not yet th' Almighty Master's wonders cease;)
Round her the storm of guilt and fury swells,
And in His name she speaks till all is peace.

ST. CECILIA.

AWAKE, thou lov'd strain! oh, again let me hear thee!
  Breathe o'er me again thy enchantment divine:
'Tis silence, — 'tis night, — no intruder is near me,
  To mock what for kingdoms I would not resign.
Oh, pour o'er my heart all that soften'd emotion,
  No reason can know, and no language display;
Receive my still spirit's surrender'd devotion,
  And charm the dull sense of existence away.

Ye musings of tenderness, melt and deceive me!
  O pity and love! for your dreams I implore;
And Thou, who art love and art pity, receive me,
  Great Father of light! whom I sigh to adore.
Oh, welcome, ye forms in mild radiance descending,
  That whisper responsive, and smile as I gaze!
Before the far throne, lo, the seraphs are bending;
  I hear their hosannas of rapture and praise.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

HOPE.

NAY, sister, what hast thou to boast
Of joy? a poor reciter thou,
Whose happiest thought is but the ghost
Of some past pleasure vanish'd now.
When better things may not be found,
By sad reflecting, weary men,
They on thy records look around,
Their only friend, and only then.

Then on delight for ever fled
They cast a melancholy view,
Where, as on pictures of the dead,
The likeness makes the sorrow true.
But could'st thou from thy page efface
What brings regret, remorse, or shame,
Nor all our wandering steps retrace,
Then mortals might endure thy name.

MEMORY.

And what art thou, vain Hope? a cheat:
For didst thou ever promise make,
That either time did not defeat
Or some intruding evil break?
Or say that chance has prov'd thee true,
The expected joy shall be thy own;
No sooner comes the good in view,
But Hope herself is lost and gone.

Soon as the hop'd-for thing appears,
That was with such delight pursued,
Another aspect then it wears,
And is no more the fancied good.
So 'tis in dreams, men keenly chase
A something lov'd, desir'd, caress'd;
They overtake, and then embrace
That which they loathe, despise, detest.

True, sister, true! in every age
Will men in thy delusions share;
And thou a lasting war wilt wage
With Wisdom's joy and Reason's care.
Who comes to thee? the rash, the bold,
The dreaming bard, the sighing youth:

For what? for fame; for love, for gold,
And they receive thy tales for truth.

Emmas and Lauras at thy shrine
Attend, and deem thy answers true;
And, calling Hope a power divine,
Their Corydons and Damons view.
And girls at school, and boys at taw,
Seduced by thy delusive skill,
Think life is love, and love is law,
And they may choose just whom they will.

HOPE.

Say is not mine the early hold
On man? whose heart I make my own
And, long e'er thy dull tale be told,
I bear him forth to worlds unknown.
Before the mind can trust to thee,
And slowly gain thy heavy store,
It travels far and wide with me,
My worlds and wonders to explore.

Thou lend'st him help, to read, to spell,
His progress slow, his efforts mean:
I take him in my realms to dwell,
To win a throne, to wed a queen.

How could he bear the pedant's frown,
  That frights the sad bewilder'd boy,
Or hear such words as verb and noun,
  But for my tales of love and joy?

MEMORY.

True, to thy fairy world he goes,
  And there his terms he idly keeps,
Till Truth breaks in on his repose,
  And then for past neglect he weeps.
What, if we grant the heart is thine
  Of rash and unreflecting youth,
How is it in his life's decline,
  When truth is heard and only truth?

On me the quiet few rely,
  For Memory's store is certain gain;
For aid to thee the wretched fly,
  The poor resource of grief and pain.
My friends like lawful traders deal
  With just accounts, with real views;
But thine as losing gamesters feel,
  Who stake the more the more they lose.

And they are right, for thus employ'd
 They fall not to disease a prey;
Thus every moment is enjoy'd,
 And 'tis a cheerful game they play.
And tell me not they lose at last;
 Such loss is light, such care is vain,
For if they hope till life be past,
 What hours for care or grief remain.

You say the rash, the young, the bold,
 Are mine, and mine they are, 'tis true;
But, sister, art thou sure the old
 And grave are not my subjects too?

Struck by the palsy's powerful blow,
 By the hir'd hands of servants led,
Cold, tottering, impotent, and slow,
 Borne to the board, and to the bed,
Hear how the ancient trembler prays,
 Smit with the love of lingering here!
" Hold yet my thread, flow on my days,
 " Nor let the last sad morn appear!"

The sage physician feels my aid
Most when he knows not what to do:
I whisper then, " Be not afraid,
" For I inspire thy patient too."

MEMORY.

Vain of thy victories, thus misled
Thy power I own; alas! I fear,
It is this syren song I dread
Which wretches long and die to hear.
No ears are stopt, no limbs are bound,
Impatient to thy coast they fly,
And soon as heard thy witching sound,
They rest, they sleep, they dream, they die.

A poet once — the tribe are thine,
But yet I would my counsel give, —
And said, " 'Tis naught! the work decline:
" Thou once hast fail'd, this will not live."
Deeply he sighed, and thou wert by,
To fan the half extinguish'd fire:
" Try once again," thou saidst, " oh! try,
" For now shall all the world admire."

HOPE.

And how, I pray, can this be wrong?
The man has clear and certain gain;
For when the world condemns his song,
He can condemn the world again.
Inspir'd by me, in strains sublime
Shall many a gifted genius write,
For mine is that bewitching rhyme
That shall the wondering world delight.

MEMORY.

Yes, thou hast numbers light and vain,
And mayst, I grant, a poet boast;
I cannot show so large a train,
But I have one, and he an host.

HOPE.

Still, I'm the nurse of young desire,
The fairy promiser of bliss:
I am the good that all require
In passing through a world like this.

MEMORY.

Say, rather, thou'rt the glow-worm light,
That mocks us with a faint display
Of idle beams, that please the sight,
But never serve to show the way.

HOPE.

Alas! but this will never end,
'Tis like a grave old aunt's relation:
I would that reason might attend,
And terminate our disputation.

REASON.

Obedient to your wish am I,
And thus my sentiments disclose:
Together you must live and die,
Together must be friends or foes.

For what is Hope, if Memory gives
No aid, nor points her course aright?
She then a useless trifler lives,
And spends her strength in idle flight.

And what from Memory's stores can rise
  That will for care and study pay?
Unless upon that store relies
  The Hope that heav'nward wings her way?

Be friends, and both to man be true;
  O'er all their better views preside;
For Memory greatest good will do
  As Hope's director, strength, and guide.

So shall ye both to mortals bring
  An equal good in Reason's scale;
And Hope her sweetest song shall sing,
  When Memory tells her noblest tale.

ELEGY

ON THE ABROGATION OF THE BIRTH-NIGHT BALL, AND CONSEQUENT FINAL SUBVERSION OF THE MINUET.

BY A BEAU OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Now cease the exulting strain!
And bid the warbling lyre complain.
Heave the soft sigh, and drop the tuneful tear,
And mingle notes far other than of mirth,
E'en with the song that greets the new-born year,
Or hails the day that gave a monarch birth.
That self-same sun, whose chariot wheels have roll'd,
Thro' many a circling year, with glorious toil,
Up to the axles in refulgent gold,
And gems, and silk, and crape, and flowers, and foil;
That self-same sun no longer dares
Bequeath his honours to his heirs,
And bid the dancing hours supply,
As erst, with kindred pomp, his absence from the sky.

For, ever at his lordly call
Uprose the spangled night!
Leading, in gorgeous splendour bright,
The minuet and the ball.

And balls each frolic hour may bring,
That revels thro' the maddening spring,
Shaking with hurried step the painted floor;
But minuets are no more!

No more the well-taught feet shall tread
The figure of the mazy zed;
The beau of other times shall mourn
As gone, and never to return,
The graceful bow, the curtsey low,
The floating forms, that undulating glide,
(Like anchor'd vessels on the swelling tide)
That rise and sink, alternate, as they go,
Now bent the knee, now lifted on the toe,
The sidelong step that works its even way,
The slow pas-grave, and slower balancé —
Still with fix'd gaze he eyes the imagin'd fair,
And turns the corner with an easy air.
Not so his partner—from her 'tangled train
To free her captive foot she strives in vain:
Her 'tangled train the struggling captive holds
(Like great Atrides) in its fatal folds:
The laws of gallantry his aid demand,
The laws of etiquette withhold his hand.
Such pains, such pleasures, now alike are o'er,
And beaux and etiquette shall soon exist no more.

In their stead, behold advancing,
Modern men and women dancing!
Step and dress alike express,
Above, below, from head to toe,
Male and female awkwardness.
Without a hoop, without a ruffle,
One eternal jig and shuffle;
Where's the air, and where's the gait,
Where's the feather in the hat?
Where's the frizz'd toupee, and where,
Oh, where's the powder for their hair?
Where are all their former graces?
And where three-quarters of their faces?
With half the forehead lost, and half the chin,
We know not where they end, or where begin.

Mark the pair whom favouring fortune
At the envy'd top shall place—
Humbly they the rest importune
To vouchsafe a little space.

Not the graceful arm to wave in,
Or the silken robe expand;
All superfluous action saving,
Idly drops the lifeless hand.

Her down-cast eye, the modest beauty
Sends, as doubtful of their skill,
To see if feet perform their duty,
And their endless task fulfil;
Footing, footing, footing, footing,
Footing, footing, footing still.

While the rest, in hedge-row state,
All insensible to sound,
With more than human patience wait,
Like trees fast rooted in the ground:

Not such as once, with sprightly motion,
To distant music stirr'd their stumps,
And tript, from Pelion to the ocean,
Performing avenues and clumps;

What time old Jason's ship, the Argo,
Orpheus fiddling at the helm,
From Colchis bore her golden cargo,
Dancing o'er the azure main.

But why recur to ancient story,
Or balls of modern date?
Be mine to trace the minuet's fate,
And weep its fallen glory:

To ask who rang the parting knell?
If Vestris came the solemn dirge to hear?
Genius of Valoüy, didst thou hover near?
Shade of Lepicq! and spirit of Gondel!

I saw their angry forms arise,
Where wreaths of smoke involve the skies,
Above St. James's steeple:
I heard them curse *our* heavy heel,
The Irish step, the Highland reel,
And all the United People.
To the dense air the curse, adhesive, clung,
Repeated since by many a modish tongue,
In words that may be said, but never shall be sung.*

What cause untimely urged the minuet's fate?
Did war subvert the manners of the state?
Did savage nations give the barbarous law,
The Gaul Cisalpine, or the Gonoquaw?
Its fall was destined to a peaceful land,
A sportive pencil, and a courtly hand;
They left a name that time itself might spare
To grinding organs and the dancing bear.

* "Go to the d—l and shake yourself,"—the name of a favorite country dance.

On Avon's banks, where sport and laugh
  Careless pleasure's sons and daughters,
Where health the sick and aged quaff,
  From good king Bladud's healing waters;
While Genius sketched, and Humour grouped,
Then it sickened, then it drooped,
Saddened with laughter, wasted with a sneer,
And the long minuet shortened its career.
With cadence slow, and solemn pace,
Th' indignant mourner quits the place,
For ever quits — no more to roam
From proud Augusta's regal dome.
Ah! not unhappy who securely rest
Within the sacred precincts of a court;
Who then their timid steps shall dare arrest?
White wands shall guide them and gold sticks support.

In vain — these eyes, with tears of horror wet,
Read its death-warrant in the Court Gazette.
"No ball to-night," Lord Chamberlain proclaims,
"No ball to-night shall grace thy roof, St. James!"
"No ball!" the Globe, the Sun, the Stars repeat,
The morning paper, and the evening sheet:
Thro' all the land the tragic news has spread,
And all the land has mourn'd the minuet dead.
So, power completes, but satire sketch'd the plan,
And Cecil ends what Bunbury began.

A RIDDLE.

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crown'd.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But wo to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah breathe on it softly — it dies in an hour.

A RIDDLE.

Inscrib'd on many a learned page,
In mystic characters and sage,
Long time my *first* has stood;
And though its golden age be past,
In wooden walls it yet may last,
Till cloth'd with flesh and blood.

My *second* is a glorious prize
For all who love their wondering eyes
With curious sights to pamper;
But 'tis a sight — which should they meet
All'-improviso in the street,
Ye gods! how they would scamper!

My *tout*'s a sort of wandering throne,
To woman limited alone,
The Salique law reversing;
But while th' imaginary queen
Prepares to act this novel scene,
Her royal part rehearsing,
O'erturning her presumptuous plan,
Up climbs the old usurper — man,
And she jogs after as she can.

THE CLEARING SHOWER.

AUGUST 1817.

The rising moon look'd clear and mild,
  In chasten'd tints of glowing eve,
And bright the early morning smil'd;
  It flatter'd only to deceive!
The clouds a closer tapestry weave,
  Still thickening towards the noon-tide hour;
One chance remains for hope to give,
  O may it be the clearing shower!
No: — fast the pattering rain-drops fall,
  On swelling Avon's troubled tide;
To reach ere night their much-lov'd hall,
  Swift must the homeward travellers ride.
To horse! if well or ill betide,
  If skies and fortune shine or lower,
The hearts that fate could ne'er divide,
  Shall not be sever'd by a shower.

But here how chang'd the lovely scene,
  No more the laughing corn-fields wave;
Driven from their haunts of sunny green,
  The woodland's truant children save
Their shuddering forms in hollow cave.
  The broad oaks which, in happier hour,
Cool shade or friendly shelter gave,
  Dash from their roof a second shower.
This pelting storm may be the last;
  Ah no! that clown who reads the sky,
Shrinks from the hollow threat'ning blast,
  And raising a distrustful eye,
Yields not one cheering prophecy.
  New signs of ill approach unheeded,
That heavy cloud has travell'd by;
  But oh! another has succeeded!
See where beneath yon crowded shed,
  The melancholy reapers stand,
With folded arms and silent dread,
  A sickle in each idle hand.
Pity, kind Heaven! the suffering band,
  Chase froward nature's frowns away,
Bid active labour bless the land,
  And hail we this — the clearing day.

Our home once gain'd, though nature lowers,
  Swoln to dark floods the silver streams,
And noxious blasts and barbarous showers,
  Banish all soft poetic themes ;
With the brisk fire's benignant gleams,
  With kind salutes and warm embraces,
That sunshine shall be ours which beams
  From loving hearts and happy faces.

'Tis sweet the gifts surveying
Of friends in absence dear,
Tis sweet the sonnets playing,
Which they have lov'd to hear;
To trace the known resemblance,
And gaze on every part,
Each token of remembrance
Restores them to the heart.

The magic of affection
Shall trace her sacred ring,
And charm away dejection,
And Hope's enchantment bring;
Revive, in foulest weather,
The calm domestic scene,
And bring old friends together,
Though oceans roar between.

SONNET.

WHEN last we parted, thou wert young and fair,
How beautiful let fond remembrance say!
Alas! since then, old time has stol'n away
Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare.—
So has it perish'd like a thing of air,
The dream of love and youth!—now both are grey,
Yet still remembering that delightful day,
Tho' time with his cold touch has blanch'd my hair,
Tho' I have suffer'd many years of pain,
Since then; tho' I did never think to live
To hear that voice or see those eyes again,
I can a sad, but cordial greeting give,
And for thy welfare breathe as warm a pray'r,
——As when I lov'd thee young and fair!

ON THE KING'S ILLNESS.

Rest, rest, afflicted spirit, quickly pass
Thy hour of bitter suffering! Rest awaits thee,
There, where, the load of weary life laid down,
The peasant and the king repose together:
There peaceful sleep, thy quiet grave bedew'd
With tears of those who lov'd thee. — Not for thee,
In the dark chambers of the nether world,
Shall spectre kings rise from their burning thrones
And point the vacant seat, and scoffing say,
Art thou become like us? Oh not for thee;
For thou hadst human feelings, and hast liv'd
A man with men; and kindly charities,
Even such as warm the cottage hearth, were thine.
And therefore falls the tear from eyes not used
To gaze on kings with admiration fond.
And thou hast knelt at meek religion's shrine
With no mock homage, and hast own'd her rights
Sacred in every breast; and therefore rise,
Affectionate, for thee, the orisons
And mingled prayers, alike from vaulted domes,

Whence the loud organ peals, and raftered roofs
Of humbler worship. — Still remembering this,
A nation's pity and a nation's love
Linger beside thy couch, in this the day
Of thy sad visitation, veiling faults
Of erring judgment, and not will perverse.
Yet, oh that thou hadst clos'd the wounds of war!
That had been praise to suit a higher strain.
Farewell the years roll'd down the gulf of time!
Thy name has chronicled a long bright page
Of England's story, and perhaps the babe
Who opens, as thou closest thine, his eyes
On this eventful world, when aged grown,
Musing on times gone by, shall sigh and say,
Shaking his thin grey hairs, whiten'd with grief,
Our fathers' days were happy. Fare thee well!
My thread of life has even run with thine
For many a lustre, and thy closing day
I contemplate, not mindless of my own,
Nor to its call reluctant.

TO MRS. ——,

ON RETURNING A FINE HYACINTH PLANT AFTER THE BLOOM WAS OVER.

Even as a cherish'd daughter leaves her home
Blushing and breathing sweets; her home, where, nurs'd
With fond attendance every morn and eve,
She grew and flourish'd, and put forth her charms
In virgin purity; and to that home
From the polluted commerce of the world,
Returns with faded charms, forlorn and sad,
And soil'd and drooping locks — in such sad plight
Send I your nurseling; breathing now no more
Ambrosial sweets, nor lifting her proud stem,
Rich with enamell'd flowers, to meet the gaze
Of raptur'd florist, but return'd to lie
Low in the earth; yet, when the genial Spring
With new impulses thrills the swelling veins,
The plant may bloom again — not so the maid.

TO THE LARK.

Mount, child of Morning, mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms:
Bath'd in the fountains of the dew
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far shower'd around, the hill, the plain
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will:
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No track behind them as they fly
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:
To snatch from fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.—
—— Alas! th' unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more!

How glorious rose life's morning star!
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!
Truth beckon'd from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love look'd smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion past; —
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
    It melted from my gaze.
And, narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While pride forbade the starting tear
    Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed;
    One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here, —
    Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on! sing on! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
    But needs must sympathize!
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.—
—— Oh! could I mount with thee on high
    And share thy ecstasies!

SONG.

THE features speak the warmest heart,
But not for me its ardour glows;
In that soft blush I have no part,
That mingles with her bosom's snows.

In that dear drop I have no share,
That trembles in her melting eye;
Nor is my love the tender care
That bids her heave that anxious sigh.

Not fancy's happiest hours create
Visions of rapture as divine,
As the dear bliss that must await
The man, whose soul is knit to thine.

But oh! farewell this treach'rous theme,
Which, tho' 'tis misery to forego,
Yields but of joy one soothing dream,
That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know.

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A CANZONE OF PETRARCH.

Amor se vuvi ch'i torni al giogo antico.—P. 2. C. 2.

Away, proud boy, away! thou canst not harm;
 Seize not thy unstrung bow, no aim thy dart,
Void is thy quiver, nerveless is thine arm,
 Vanish'd thy cruel empire o'er my heart:
  No more a mighty god
  Art thou, whose sov'reign nod
 To worlds can woes and terrors wild impart;
No more I bend and weep before thy throne,
And sigh my soul away, unheeded and alone.

Hence, tyrant urchin, hence! and humbly lay
 At the cold foot of death thy broken bow;
Death's iron hand has borne thy torch away,
 Death! mightier Death! proud victor, binds thee low.
  A feeble child thou art,
  And aim'st a pointless dart.
 Arm'd by despair, my bosom dares the blow!—
Thy baby archery I laugh to scorn—
Away! and leave me here, my liberty to mourn.

Or, if once more thou wouldst me of thy train,
  Seek thou my treasure in the earth laid low;
And if it be that thy unbounded reign
  O'er Heaven extends, and o'er th' abyss below,
    Burst thou the sacred tomb,
    That clasp'd in early bloom
  The form to which alone my soul could bow!
Wrest thou from death the prize he bore away,
And in her charms resume thy universal sway.

Hang on that brow the same sad pensive weight,
  Then wake the smile that might awake the dead,
Bright as the glittering beam of orient light
  Breaks o'er a weeping sky when storms are fled!
    And breathe those sounds again,
    Thrilling thro' every vein,
  Sounds that to thoughts of Heaven the fancy led,
While the rapt soul hung fondly on each note,
Which on the ear, when past, long sweetly seem'd to
    float.

And those luxuriant locks with art controll'd,
  In glossy braids around her temples bind,
Now in an envious net of twisted gold
  Be all their waving glories close confin'd;

Now loose from every band,
With sly and sportive hand
Toss them in ringlets on the wanton wind,
Then bind me, gazing, to thy car again,
And I will kiss my bonds, and hug once more my chain.

A VOLUNTEER SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1803, BUT NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

Ye, who Britain's soldiers be,
Freemen, children of the free,
Who freely come at danger's call
From shop and palace, cot and hall,
And brace ye bravely up in warlike geer
For all that ye hold dear!

Blest in your hands be sword and spear!
There is no banded Briton here
On whom some fond mate hath not smil'd,
Or hung in love some lisping child;
Or aged parent, grasping his last stay
With locks of honour'd grey.

Such men behold with steady pride
The threaten'd tempest gath'ring wide,
And list, with onward forms inclin'd,
To sound of foemen on the wind,
And bravely act, 'mid the wild battle's roar,
In scenes untried before.

Let vet'rans boast, as well they may,
Nerves steel'd in many a bloody day;
The gen'rous heart, who takes his stand
Upon his free and native land,
Doth with the first sound of the hostile drum
A fearless man become.

Come then, ye hosts that madly pour
From wave-toss'd floats upon our shore!
If fell or gentle, false or true,
Let those enquire who wish to sue:
Nor fiend nor hero from a foreign strand
Shall lord it in our land.

Come then, ye hosts that madly pour
From wave-toss'd floats upon our shore!
An adverse wind or breezeless main,
Lock'd in their ports our tars detain,
To waste their wistful spirits, vainly keen,
Else here ye had not been.

Yet, ne'ertheless, in strong array,
Prepare ye for a well-fought day.
Let banners wave, and trumpets sound,
And closing cohorts darken round,
And the fierce onset raise its mingled roar,
New sound on England's shore!

Freemen, children of the free,
Are brave alike on land or sea; *
And every rood of British ground,
On which a hostile glave is found,
Proves, under their firm tread and vig'rous stroke,
A deck of royal oak.

* It was then frequently said, that our seamen excelled our soldiers.

THE FOUNTAIN.*

It was a well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,
Greek sculpture — in some earlier day perhaps
A tomb, and honour'd with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock fill'd, overflow'd it;
Then dash'd away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost — stealing, unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees — discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down, admiring, as I lay,
That shady nook, a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a maid a-Maying.

The sun was down, a distant convent-bell
Ringing the *Angelus*; and now approached
The hour for stir and village gossip there,
The hour *Rebekah* came, when from the well

* Near Mola di Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples.

She drew with such alacrity to serve
The stranger and his camels. Soon I heard
Footsteps; and, lo, descending by a path
Trodden for ages, many a nymph appear'd,
Appear'd and vanish'd, bearing on her head
Her earthen pitcher. It call'd up the day
Ulysses landed there; and long I gaz'd,
Like one awaking in a distant time.
At length there came the loveliest of them all,
Her little brother dancing down before her;
And ever as he spoke, which he did ever,
Turning and looking up in warmth of heart
And brotherly affection. Stopping there,
She join'd her rosy hands, and, filling them
With the pure element, gave him to drink;
And, while he quench'd his thirst, standing on tiptoe,
Look'd down upon him with a sister's smile,
Nor stirr'd till he had done — fix'd as a statue.

Then hadst thou seen them as they stood, *Canova*,
Thou hadst endow'd them with eternal youth;
And they had evermore liv'd undivided,
Winning all hearts — of all thy works the fairest!

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT THE PIRÆUS, 1820.

WHAT though I hear th' Agæan billows roar,
And eye the deep where Persia's navy rode,
What have I left except my native shore?
What have I chang'd beyond my mere abode?
The fancied future, aspirations high
Which reason scarce could quell, th' upbraiding shame
Of sloth 'midst busy crowds, the weak desire
Of that ideal fev'rish want, a name,
No longer tantalize the mental eye,
When nought gives food to such tormenting fire.
Yet, still the mournful memory of the past,
Clouding my spirit, throws a deeper gloom
Than e'en befits the scene, a nation's tomb,
And that I feel thro' ev'ry clime must last.

SONNET,

WRITTEN OFF CEFALLONIA, 1820.

Once more, ye Pleiads of the Ionian deep,
  Welcome ! in misty distance, 'midst the roar
Of warring waves and winds, that fiercely sweep
  The giant barriers of the Locrian shore !
The struggling beams of infant light ye shed,
  Seem lovelier far, tho' timorously bright,
Oh ! may they light the inevitable storm,
  And shine, e'er long, the morning star of Greece :
Britannia ! shield young Freedom's shrinking form ;
  Protect in war, and educate in peace.
Amidst the gloom which Othman's race has spread,
  The lengthen'd darkness of that wint'ry night,
Welcome, ye Pleiads ! may your orient ray
Become the sun of Greece, the dawn of Day !

SONNET,

ON LEAVING GREECE, 1820.

Hellas! farewell! — with anxious gaze I view,
  Lovely in tears, and injur'd as thou art,
Thy summits melting in the distant blue,
  Fade from my eyes, but linger in my heart.
Submissive, silent victim! dost thou feel
  The chains which gall thee? or has lengthen'd grief
Numb'd hate and shame alike with hope and zeal,
  And brought insensibility's relief?
Awake! adjur'd by ev'ry chief and sage
  Thou once could'st boast in many a meaner cause,
And let the tame submission of an age,
  Like Nature's hush'd and scarcely rustling pause,
Ere winds burst forth, foretell the approaching storm,
When thou shalt grasp the spear, and raise thy prostrate
    form.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT ATHENS IN 1820.

Ως πότε, παλικάρια νὰ ζεῖτε στα στενὰ,
  Μοναχοι, σα λιοντάρια, σταις ῥάχαις, στὰ θουνα;
Σπηλιαῖς νὰ κατοικεῖτε, νὰ βλέπετε κλαδιά;
  Να φευγετ' ἀπ' τον κοσμον για την πικρὴ σκλαβιά;

(MS. Song of Riga.)

'Tis now the fourth revolving age,
Since Hellas bow'd beneath the rage
    Of Othman's stormy sway;
Whose deep'ning gloom and horror spread
Till all the light of life was fled,
    And quench'd each mental ray.
Four ages beat the heavy shower,
And flash'd those forked bolts of power,
    And howl'd that hollow blast;
Whate'er could bend, or blight, or chill,
Unnerve her frame, relax her will,
    Redoubled fierce and fast,

Till suffering shed this alter'd hue
O'er features sad, yet sweet to view,
And blanch'd her blooming cheek.
Still, tears that gather dare not start,
Tho' sighs represt should burst her heart,
She lies despis'd and weak.
Have sages lived, and heroes died,
Hellas, to swell a Scythian's pride?
Not guilt, yet shame is thine.
I mark the Moslem mute and strong,
And must I hear the Athenian's *song*
O'er bowls of Zian wine,
Convivial threats, or plaintive strains,
When arms, if he would burst his chains,
Should strike, — not lips repine?
If liberty can e'er be bought
By *words*, let ancient wisdom's thought
Prepare young valour's deed;
Or, if ye will not wake the fires
That warm'd of yore your glorious sires,
And learn like them to bleed,
Imbibe the draught of moral health,
Collect and store the mental wealth,
The knowledge which is power;
Prepare, while slavery's stillness shows
The tempest brooding e'er it blows, —
Prepare to meet the hour.

For arms alone, imbrued in blood,
And fleets, that sweep the subject flood,
Ne'er made a nation great:
Fingers that wake the living lyre,
And tongues that Phœbus tips with fire
More nobly deck a state.
Of all, whom once the o'erflowing North,
Or Scythia pour'd in torrents forth,
What trace remains behind?
Are Gallia's sons, because they bled
To heap the groaning earth with dead,
Endear'd to human kind?
Renown, like this, the deadly skill
And burning thirst to curse and kill,
Is mere pre-eminence in ill;
But liberty defended well,
Where freemen fought, and tyrants fell,
Confers a right to fame.
Hellas! if virtue, once thy boast,
Has left for aye this rugged coast,
Assume some meaner name.
If not — awake! — From Corfu's height
To far Cythera, Freedom's light,
Hope's heavenly arch, is seen
Mingling its seven harmonious tints,
That pledge of moral sunshine prints,
Heaven's blue and ocean's green.

Clouded no more by mists of sorrow,
Those blended hues of beauty borrow
From Albion's sun their birth;
Amidst them smiles the rocky isle,
Where science turns a fostering smile,
Ithaca's sacred earth,
Now dear from Homer's magic name;
But soon from Græcia's orient fame
And liberty and worth.*

* The Greek revolution has now checked the immediate progress of the university, of which Lord Guilford was, in 1819, appointed chancellor.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE ADDRESS OF ODUSSEUS TO THE GREEKS,

AT THERMOPYLÆ, ON THE 20TH OF JULY, 1822.

Ελευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
Παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρῴων ἕδη,
Θηκας τε προγόνων. νῦν ὑπὲρ παντων ἀγών. (Æschyli Persæ.)

Grecians! ye know what spot,
Decides to-day your lot —
Thermopylæ
Again must see
Blood wash away our blot.

The Lord has brought the spoil,
The victim to our toil —
What priest can falter
At Freedom's altar,
This blest, this hallow'd soil?

Now we have known the worst,
Retreat were doubly curst;
The life it saves
May tempt those slaves, —
Not Greeks, whose bonds are burst.

Let servile Dacia woo
The Northern Tartar's crew —
Alone our band
On Grecian land
Can keep the swords it drew.

Tho' Hellas, roused from sleep,
Resumes her native *deep*,
On *earth* the foe
Must crouch as low,
Or Moslem matrons weep.

The tyrant's die is cast —
Greeks! swear it *by* the *past*, —
The *present* hour
Which brings you power, —
The *future* bright at last.

Swear, since our patriarch's corse
Was freedom's gory source,
New wrongs endured,
Revenge secured,
Shall nerve your country's force.

Our country! would ye change her,
Tho' lured and left to danger,
For all the smiles
The Seven Isles
Boast from the ambiguous stranger?

St. Michael's diamond rays
Outshine not patriot's praise,
Unless that star
Displayed more far
"The pledge of happier days." *

Look at our glorious sky!—
A dome for those who die;
Before we quail,
Yon sun shall fail,
Which lights that canopy.

* "Auspicium melioris ævi," the motto of the new Anglo-Grecian order of St. Michael and St. George.

But, words for such as need 'em,
Rappors for those who read 'em —
Our foe, the Turk!
Victory, our work!
On, for the Cross and Freedom!

THE SONG OF TRIUMPH OF THE GREEKS,

OFF TENEDOS,

AFTER THE NIGHT OF THE 10TH OF NOVEMBER, 1822.

Παιᾶν' ἐφύμνουν σεμνὸν Ἕλληνες τότε. (ÆSCHYLI Persæ.)

THE Monarchs of Europe, who prattle of *peace*,
Shall cease, from this night, to calumniate Greece,
The Moslems repent that they roused her to ire,
And shrink, as their forefathers shrunk, from her fire.

Did they deem their volcano of iron and oak
Breathed thunder and lightning, or rattle and smoke?
That Leviathan floated in slumber like death,
For our Galiongees * were her life and her breath.

Tho' she spread, like the roc, her white wings to the wind,
Yet "the hares of the islands" would leave her behind;
Tho' she pour'd, like the Hydra, from sulphurous throats,
A hailstorm of iron, it touch'd not our boats.

* Greek sailors.

Psynots, Spezzians, and Hydriotes, nursed on the waves,
Beat *Rumeli's** *gardeners* and Tripoli's slaves;
They are careless to live, *we* are ready *to die*,
And *their* hearts are benumb'd, while *our* pulses beat high.

This Chesme† is Grecian—the eagle no more
Spreads imperial wings o'er Anadoli's shore;
But the daughter of freedom has answered our cry,
And her parent — ? we gaze where yon bright streamers
fly.

Can those bosoms of Britain be cold to the glow,
Which we feel now our country has struck the death blow?
Ah! no — from their mast see our banner unfurl'd,
With the flag that protected and rescued the world.

Then scorn'd be the tale which the Scythian has told,
That Britannia alone would be selfish and cold;
Her Ionian beacon, no Pharos to save,
But a death-light that hovers o'er Liberty's grave.

* Bostangis (guards of the Sultan), literally gardeners, embarked in the scarcity of seamen.

† Where the Turkish fleet, under Jaffer Bey, was burnt by the Russians.

Oh! blest be the morn's breath, and that glow o'er the
skies,
Which heralds the day — Sun of glory, arise!
Tho' we shrunk, while enslaved, as in shame from thy
light,
Now thy beams cannot glitter too gloriously bright

On the wrecks of the Moslem which float down the tide,
On Græcia's deliverance, and vengeance, and pride; —
Yet, oh God of our fathers, *if* Græcia is free,
Be the blessing to us, but the glory to Thee!

FROM A MS. DRAMA.

CHORUS OF GREEK MATRONS.

Time, *the Dawn of the Day.* — Scene, *Cape Mastic, in Scio.*

Hail! once again, great fount of life, and light,
Hail, holy symbol of a holier source!
Thou shinest forth unalterably bright,
Thou risest still to run thy destin'd course;

Alone in beauty — all around is changed —
No turrets brighten in thy kindling ray;
The vale o'er which our eyes delighted ranged,
No longer gaily hails the Lord of day.

Tho' carnage taint the citron's vernal breath,
He shines on Scio, now a nation's grave,
Whose latest harvest was a crop of death,
When Moslem sabres mowed her young and brave.

In vain spring clothes the mastic's fragrant bough,
Dances no more will sweep those orange bowers—
Brave youths, and beauteous maids, where are ye now?
These in the grave, and those in Stambol's towers.

Yon radiant sun, this green and bursting spring,
Make us more deeply feel our country's woe—
Oh! may their Great Creator deign to bring
Help to his flock, and lay the oppressor low.

We murmur not—if 'tis thy will to chasten,
Grant us but strength to bear a parent's rod—
If we have borne sufficient sorrow, hasten
To whelm our foes and thine, Almighty God!

SEMICHORUS.

Hark! the Turkish thunders roar
Down the Anatolian shore,
From a hundred brazen throats,
Where the Capoudana floats;
Græcia's volley feebly rattles *—
Save our country, God of battles!
Let the oppressor feel thine ire;
Speak in thunder, smite with fire.
Grecians! think with rage and pride—
Tumbaz † lives and Lambro ‡ died!

* The guns of the Capoudana, or flag-ship, were of three times the calibre of the Greek.

† The Greek admiral, son-in-law of Bobolina, the Artemisia of Psyra.

‡ Lambro Cauziani, the Greek naval hero of 1790.

Rights to gain, and wrongs to pay,
Consecrate this awful day.
Hark! what wild and fearful yell,
Broke from out that floating hell;
Hark! that crash — 'twas Freedom spoke,
Bursting Græcia's iron yoke.
Kara's* caick ploughs the water,
Choaked with corses, red with slaughter.
Burning fragments strew his path, —
Can he scape the avenger's wrath?

Yes, the Moslems gain the strand,
Bearing him who smote our land.
Wrath and pride were on his brow;
Pain and grief are painted *now*.
Costliest furs adorn'd his vest,
Diamonds beam'd around his crest. —
Now he lies in mean attire,
Drench'd in gore, and singed by fire.
Turban'd Odas † round him swept;
Scio's offspring vainly wept;
Now, in turn, let Moslems weep,
O'er their Pasha's death-like sleep.

* The destroyer of Scio.
† Companies of Janizaries.

Aged Sciotes yet remain,
Glad to greet that chief again.
Now Kara Aly gasps for breath,
Aged eyes devour his death;
Aged ears enraptured hear
Groans that make even dæmons fear.
Scio lies in ruin low,
Nothing now can work us woe;
Kara's corse is at our feet,
Life has nothing left so sweet.
  Moslems! we alone remain,*
Saved by age from slavery's chain:
Wither'd frames and hearts survive,
Spared to see your chief arrive, —
Female eyes can gaze on death
When a tyrant gasps for breath;
Female ears unmoved drink,
Groans that make the dæmons shrink,
While the life-blood ebbs away,
And Satan waits to claim his prey;
Snatch'd from life, and pride, and power,
Thus we barb the parting hour.
Be each Moslem fiend or man,
Thus we brave his ataghan.—

* Three hundred ultimately on the island, out of 160,000.

Fate can deal no heavier blow,
Than this circling waste of woe;
Earth will yield no sight so sweet,
As the wretch beneath our feet.
Nought to embitter life remain'd,
When those dregs of grief were drain'd:
Now, this draught of vengeance tasted,
Life and thought alike are wasted;
Greece may triumph, Freedom smile—
Can her touch revive our isle?
Mahmoud's gory throne be shaken —
But can victory's pæans waken
Livid limbs and glazing eye,
Where our sons and fathers lie?
Can they burst each dongeon keep,
Where our daughters vainly weep?
Fatal ties — affection plighted, —
Blossoms scarcely blown — and blighted.

Note. — The striking connection between the crimes and the sufferings of Kara Bey, the first of the three Capitan Pachas, who have already perished in the righteous contest of Greece, is no way exaggerated.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS WEDDING-DAY.

"Give me, to bless domestic life,
With social ease, secure from strife,
(Cries every fellow of a college)
A wife, not overstock'd with knowledge."
This, ev'ry fool who loves to quote,
What, parrot-like, he learns by rote,
And ev'ry coxcomb, whose pretence
To wisdom, marks his want of sense,
And all good housewives skill'd in darning,
Who rail with much contempt at *larning;*
And all who place their greatest good in
The composition of a pudding,
Repeat, with such triumphant air,
Such deep sagacity, you'd swear
That knowledge, among womankind,
Was deadliest poison to the mind;
A crime, which, (venial if conceal'd,
Like theft at Sparta,) when reveal'd
The guilty stamps with such disgrace,
No culprit dares to show her face.

But tell me, you, who dared despise
Such vulgar maxims; who, from eyes
Which well might grace the loveliest fair,
Turn'd not because bright sense beam'd there;
Tell me, through all these thirteen years,
Through varying scenes of hopes and fears,
Could ignorance more faithful prove?
Could folly's self more warmly love?
Then long may this auspicious morn,
At each still happier year's return,
Tell, what thy sweet experience shows,
That head and heart are friends, not foes.

THE LAST LEAF.

Thou last pale relic from yon widow'd tree,
Hovering awhile in air, as if to leave
Thy native sprig reluctant, how I grieve,
And heave the sigh of kindred sympathy,

That thou art fall'n! — for I too whilom play'd
Upon the topmost bough of youth's gay spring;
Have sported blithe on summer's golden wing;
And now I see my fleeting autumn fade.

Yet, "sear and yellow leaf," though thou and I
Thus far resemble, and this frame, like thee,
In the cold silent ground be doom'd to lie,
Thou never more will climb thy parent tree;

But I, through faith in my Redeemer, trust,
That I shall rise again, ev'n from the dust.

ON READING

WALTER SCOT'S "MARMION."

CHARM'D by the patriot muse of Flodden Field,
My country's dearer claims the while forgot,
I almost wish'd that Surry's host might yield,
And (pardon England) long'd to be a Scot.

For torpid is the heart that doth not feel,
As he directs, the poet's powerful spell,
When heaven-born genius fires his patriot zeal,
And bids him sing so sweetly and so well.

And highly too it crown'd my fond desire,
In this long barren dearth of Southern song,
To hear once more proud Ettrick's living lyre,
Each glowing chord's harmonious swell prolong;

Whose strains sublime, like deepening thunders, roll
The battle's stormy wave, and fill th' impassioned soul!

ON A GREY HAIR.

Thou, whom the giddy mock, the gay deride,
Protracted folly's scourge, and foe to pride,
I'll meet thee, poor, pale omen of decay,
With all the little wisdom that I may;
And hail thee, herald of the tranquil hour,
Of calm sensations, and high reason's power,
Of just ambition, to whose flight is given
No sordid check, but still aspires to Heaven.
Let others spurn thee, — I, without a dread,
Welcome thy long-lov'd honors to my head;
I will, but, like a bee of vagrant wing,
That trifled o'er the treasures of the spring,
Research the garden with a nicer care,
Extend a wider flight thro' fields of air,
Or deeper probe the nectar'd flow'ret's bell,
To bring the honied wisdom to my cell;
Laden with sweets, and treasuring up the store,
I'll dread life's coming wintry storms no more.
Yes, yes! — thy monitory voice I hear,
Low numbering all the evils in thy rear;
The wrinkled front, dim eye, and pallid cheek,
Are but the preludes to the general wreck.

But can no other charm their loss supply?
And is there left no light t' illume the eye?
Yes, it shall kindle at a friend's return;
Tears shall suffuse it if a friend shall mourn;
O'er earth its views benevolent be given,
And faith shall fix its hallow'd gaze on Heaven.
Nor with a pencil dipt in sordid care,
Shall time's deep furrow on my brow appear;
But there shall sit, as years successive roll,
The calm unclouded sunshine of the soul:
Wit's ready sallies we may well resign,
The lip of truth and kindness shall be mine.
And 'tis the meed of blameless life the while,
To dress the placid features in a smile.
Then age, dear honorable age! I'll throw
Youth's many mingled chaplet from my brow
With meek propriety, and in its room,
The decent coif, and sober stole assume;
Nor fear, tho' gayer charms may fade away,
Aught that we lov'd in love can e'er decay.
Of that fond tie that made us man and wife,
Full half the bargain was the wane of life:
Earth's feeble bonds with what is earthly sever,
But they who truly love unite for ever.
Rich in that love, in honor'd wisdom's store,
I'll dread life's coming wintry storms no more.

SONNET.

I KNOW thee not, bright creature, ne'er shall know;
Thy course and mine lie far and far away;
Yet heaven this once has given me to survey
Those charms that seldom may be seen below.
We part as soon as met, but where I go
Thy form shall ever be; upon thy way
Shall heaven, for thou art heaven's, its mildest ray
Shed ever bright; yet tho' disease and woe
Thy cheek consume not, Time will have his prey,
And I may meet and know thee not again.
But what lives in the mind shall not decay.
And thus shall mine thy form divine retain,
In all the freshness of youth's dawning day,
When thou may'st be no more, and earth laments in vain.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

'Twas night in Babylon, — yet many a beam
Of lamps, far glittering from her domes on high,
Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream,
With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky,
Whose azure knows no cloud : — each whisper'd sigh
Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace-bowers
Bore softer tones of joy and melody,
O'er an illumin'd wilderness of flowers ;
And the glad city's voice went up from all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the blazing hall,
Where, midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band !
High at the stately midnight-festival,
Belshazzar sat enthron'd ! — there luxury's hand
Had shower'd around all treasures that expand
Beneath the burning East ; — all gems that pour
The sun-beams back ; — all sweets of many a land,
Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore ;
But mortal pride look'd on, and still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught,
A loftier theme may wake th' exulting strain!
The lord of nations spoke, — and forth were brought
The spoils of Salem's devastated fane:
Thrice holy vessels! — pure from earthly stain,
And set apart, and sanctified to Him,
Who deign'd within the oracle to reign,
Reveal'd, yet shadow'd; making noon-day dim,
To that most glorious cloud between the cherubim.

They came, and louder swell'd the voice of song,
And pride flash'd brighter from the kindling eye,
And He who sleeps not, heard th' elated throng,
In mirth that play'd with thunderbolts, defy
The Rock of Zion! — Fill the nectar high,
High in the cups of consecrated gold!
And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,
And bid the censers of the temple hold
Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old!

Peace! is it but a phantom of the brain,
Thus shadow'd forth the senses to appal,
Yon fearful vision? — who shall gaze again
To search its cause? — along th' illumin'd wall,

Startling, yet rivetting the eyes of all,
Darkly it moves, — a hand, a human hand,
O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall,
In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,
Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant land.

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,
And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low,
And fitful starts ! — the goblet, richly stor'd,
Untasted foams, the song hath ceas'd to flow,
The waving censer drops to earth, — and lo !
The king of men, the monarch, rob'd with might,
Trembles before a shadow ! — say not so !
The child of dust, with guilt's prophetic sight,
Shrinks from the Dread Unknown, th' avenging Infinite.

But haste ye ! — bring Chaldea's gifted seers,
The men of prescience ! — haply to their eyes,
Which track the future through the rolling spheres,
Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies.
They come, — the readers of the midnight skies,
They that give voice to visions ! — but in vain !
Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies ;
It hath no language midst the starry train ;
There is no earthly voice heaven's mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,
And other inspiration! — one of those,
Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,
And sat, and wept, where Babel's river flows.
His eye was bright, and yet the deep repose
Of his pale features half o'erawed the mind,
And imag'd forth a soul whose joys and woes
Were of a loftier stamp than aught assign'd
To earth; a being seal'd and sever'd from mankind.

Yes! — what was earth to him, whose spirit pass'd
Time's utmost bounds? — on whose unshrinking sight
Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast
Their full resplendence? — majesty and might
Were in his dreams; — for him the veil of light,
Shrouding heaven's inmost sanctuary and throne,
The curtain of th' Unutterably Bright,
Was rais'd! — to him, in awful splendor shown,
Ancient of Days! e'en Thou, mad'st Thy dread presence known!

He spoke: — the shadows of the things to come,
Pass'd o'er his soul: — " O king, elate in pride!
God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom,
The One, the living God, by thee defied;

He, in whose balance earthly lords are tried,
Hath weigh'd, and found thee wanting. 'Tis decreed,
The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,
The stranger to thy throne of power succeed;
The days are full, they come, — the Persian and the
Mede!"

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round,
A breathless pause! the hush of hearts that beat,
And limbs that quiver: — is there not a sound,
A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet? —
'Twas but some echo, in the crowded street,
Of far-heard revelry, the shout, the song,
The measur'd dance to music wildly sweet,
That speeds the stars, their joyous course along, —
Away! nor let a dream disturb the festal throng!

Peace yet again! — Hark! steps in tumult flying,
Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle-field!
The shout of hosts exulting or defying,
The press of multitudes that strive or yield!
And the loud startling clash of spear and shield,
Sudden as earthquake's burst! — and blent with these,
The last wild shriek of those whose doom is seal'd
In mirth's full tide! — all rising on the breeze,
As the long deepening roar of fast advancing seas!

And nearer yet the trumpet's voice is swelling,
Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning every cry!
And lo! the spoiler in the regal dwelling,
Death bursting on the halls of revelry!
Ere on their brows one fragile rose-leaf die,
The sword hath rag'd thro' joys devoted train;
Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,
Empire is lost, Belshazzar with the slain,
And the dread lesson given, which proves all others vain.

Fall'n is the golden city! in the dust,
Spoil'd of her crown, dismantled of her state,
She that hath made the strength of towers her trust,
Weeps by her dead, supremely desolate!
She that beheld the nations at her gate,
Thronging in homage, shall be call'd no more
Lady of Kingdoms! — who shall mourn her fate?
Her guilt is full, her march of triumph o'er;
What widow'd land shall now *her* widowhood deplore?

Sit thou in silence! thou, that wert enthron'd
On many waters! thou, whose augurs read
The language of the planets, and disown'd
The mighty name it blazons! — veil thy head,

Daughter of Babylon! the sword is red
From thy destroyer's harvest, and the yoke
Is on thee, O most proud! — for thou hast said,
" I am, and none besides." — Th' Eternal spoke,
Thy glory was a spoil, thine idol-gods were broke.

SONNET.

ON THE APENNINES.

In the sun's eye I sate, nor deem'd his ray
Too bright to gaze on, for the autumnal breeze,
Though gently whispering thro' the yet green trees,
Was cool and humid, and around me lay,
Toss'd like the billows of some mighty bay,
Etruria's Apennines, range over range,
Swelling in long and wave-like interchange,
Till far beyond, with glittering hamlets gay,
Spread the green plains of vine-clad Lombardy;
The lights and shadows of declining day
Flung on the whole their vast variety,
While mingling sounds, that fill'd the subject way,
Rose through the clear still air, and seem'd to be
Sweet as the scene, and breath'd all harmony.

SONNET.

AT LAKE THRASYMENUS.

First of invaders, Hannibal, thy name
Is proud as chief may claim, or man bestow,
For thy historian is the conquer'd foe,
And nature's works thy monuments of fame.
The beautiful, the grand, thy deeds proclaim;
The mountain, lake, where Alps are clad in snow,
Where Thrasymenus' hill-girt waters flow,
Thine honours are like theirs for aye the same.
But what was thy reward? care, labour, war,
Defeat, and exile, a self-hasten'd end —
Enough; — for not confin'd to life, but far
Beyond, can minds like thine their vision send,
And see, tho' none beside, the ascending star
Of glory, which their memories shall attend.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

WRITTEN AT GREENWICH.

WHEN ev'ning listen'd to the dipping oar,
Forgetting the loud city's ceaseless roar,
By the green banks, where Thames, with conscious pride,
Reflects that stately structure on his side,
Within whose walls, as their long labours close,
The wanderers of the ocean find repose,
We pass'd in social ease the hours away,
The passing visit of a summer's day.

While some to range the breezy hill are gone,
I linger on the river's marge alone,
Mingled with groups of ancient sailors grey,
And watching the last sunshine steal away.

As thus I mus'd amidst the various train
Of toil-worn wand'rers of the per'lous main,
Two sailors — well I mark'd them (as the beam
Of parting day yet linger'd on the stream,

And the sun sunk behind the shady reach) —
Hasten'd with tott'ring footsteps to the beach!
The one had lost a limb in Nile's dread fight;
Total eclipse had veil'd the other's sight
For ever! As I drew more anxious near,
I stood intent, if they should speak, to hear;
But neither said a word! — he who was blind,
Stood, as to feel the comfortable wind
That gently lifted his grey hair — his face
Seem'd then of a faint smile to wear the trace.

The other fix'd his gaze upon the light,
Parting, and when the sun was vanish'd quite,
Methought a starting tear that Heaven might bless,
Unfelt, or felt with transient tenderness,
Came to his aged eyes and touch'd his cheek!
And then, as meek and silent as before,
Back hand in hand they went, and left the shore.

As they departed through th' unheeding crowd,
A caged bird sung from the casement loud,
And then I heard alone that blind man say,
"The music of the bird is sweet to-day!"

I said, "O, heavenly Father! none may know
"The cause these have for silence or for woe!"

Here they appear heart-stricken, yet resign'd
Amidst th' unheeding tumult of mankind.

There is a world — a pure unclouded clime,
Where there is neither grief, nor death, nor time!
Nor loss of friends! Perhaps, when yonder bell
Beat slow, and bade the dying day farewell;
Ere yet the glimmering landscape sunk to night,
They thought upon that world of distant light!
And when the blind man lifting light his hair,
Felt the faint wind, he rais'd a warmer prayer,
Then sigh'd, as the blithe bird sung o'er his head,
"No morn will shine to me, till I am dead?"

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

Now, when the kindling Spring breathes life and joy
Through earth and air, perfuming field and bow'r;
While rings from every copse glad minstrelsy;
And sparkling myriads float round shrub and flow'r;
While, flashing brightness, runs the river by,
Or darkling dimples with morn's transient show'r,
(As shines thro' scattering clouds the azure sky,
And laughs the golden sun in youthful pow'r;)
Now while all nature wakes, be my cheer'd eye
Rais'd joyous with my heart, to Him that dwells on high.

Father ador'd! O, let me still behold
In these thy bounties, but thyself benign!
Still let me trace, in this terrestrial mould,
The faint impression of that world divine,
Where all thy glory, wondrously unroll'd,
Doth in the eyes of them for ever shine
Whom sin and death no more in fetters hold:
O, let my earth-ward thoughts, with low decline,
No longer sink in languors dead and cold,
But spring with eager love thy footstool to enfold!

Give me, when song and fragrance round me flow,
When blossoms show'r above, and ev'ry spray
Glitters with fost'ring dews; when the bright bow
With colours jocund marks the chequer'd day;
When the freed birds their winter cells forego;
And the lone cuckoo to morn's glimm'ring ray
Repeats his welcome strange; when bleat and low,
Mingle with labour's voice and childhood's lay;
O not alone with pleasure let me glow,
But grateful join my song to all that hymn below!

Give me, when Summer's universal blush
Spreads o'er the scene; when the broad woods expand
In screen umbrageous, and bank, and bush
Are hung with roseate wreaths, by zephyr fann'd;
When panting heat lists to the cooling gush
Of gelid springs, or marks the sportive band
Of skimming swallows o'er the gray lake rush;
When sunny fruitage wooes each gath'ring hand,
And all mature the year; O, let the flush
Of raptur'd joy be mine, nor aught its transports hush!

And when clear ev'ning's star, with trembling beam,
Or sacred moonlight, thro' autumnal wood
Its lustre pours; when rock and valley gleam
In shadowy distance, and no sounds intrude,

Save far-off village bells, or noiseless stream,
  Soothing the trance of heav'n-rapt solitude;
When paths, leaf-strewn, invite fond man to dream
  On the brief race of pleasure's insect brood;
Still of my musings lone be Thou the theme,
Nor aught thy wisdom scorns, let me momentous deem.

And when still Winter's breath the world congeals;
  When darken'd skies look mournful on the plain,
Where gath'ring ice o'er rushy shallows steals;
  When transient thaw descends in plashy rain,
Or sudden hail the cold blue heav'n reveals;
  When shiv'ring red-breasts join the household train,
And the rough ass no more his scanty meals
  Finds 'mid the snow-spread waste, or desert lane;
E'en then when nature's eye thy mercy seals,
O, be mine fix'd on all that death-like sleep conceals!

TIME AND FRIENDSHIP.

Unfelt, unseen, time steals away,
So softly with our years,
The dewy gem of op'ning day
Not swifter disappears.

In childhood's thoughtless, laughing hour,
He gaily passes by,
Like wild bees o'er the mountain flower,
That plunder as they fly.

Our budding joys, as if in scorn,
He blasts with envious care,
And bids remembrance leave her thorn
To tell they blossom'd there;

Whilst e'en to beauty's fond alarms
He plays a traitor's part,
And mocks the smile, whose magic charms
Had thought to win his heart.

Yet by the ruthless wand'rer's side
One lonely fair-one stays,
To all his steps the faithful guide,
In sad or prosp'rous days.

Where'er his hidden dart he throws
To pierce th' unguarded breast,
Her gentle hand the balm bestows
To lull its pangs to rest.

And when the wearied wing of time
Eternity shall close,
Friendship shall seek her native clime
In Heaven to repose.

WRITTEN UNDERNEATH THE DRAWING OF

A FLYING CUPID.

Trust not yon little winged boy,
  Tho' beauteous he appears,
Each rosy smile he yields thee now
  Thou wilt repay with tears.

Tho' bright with Heaven's celestial dyes,
  His flutt'ring pinions play,
Too oft upon those downy wings
  He wafts our peace away.

The quiver, o'er his shoulders flung,
  Bears many a venom'd dart;
Ah! who could think that one so young
  Could act a traitor's part?

From pleasure's brow the rose he steals
  His tresses to adorn,
And wooes the cherub joy to lend
  One leaf to hide its thorn.

So light his little sandall'd feet
Upon our portals tread,
We heed not that the urchin's nigh,
Until our heart is fled.

And then how vainly do we sue
And ask it back again!
Laughing, he holds it faster bound,
And links each golden chain.

Enthron'd on fleeting clouds he casts
A dimpled glance below,
And, glorying in his triumphs there,
Exulting mocks our woe.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ANNAN WATER.

WITH rapture, Annan! all exclaim,
  Thy banks how varied and how gay!
Why should a name, well known to fame,
  Unsung remain in modern lay?

So rich thy dale! as, from old Rome,
  Th' invader's footsteps to induce: *
So fair! in future to become
  Your royal home, O valiant Bruce! †

Of time's decay, ah! how partakes
  The mansion of your bright domain;
Surrounded with its smiling lakes,
  Which welcom'd Wallace and his train.

* Burnswork, a grand conspicuous object, commanding a view of the whole of Annandale. Solway Frith is said to have been one of the stations of Agricola, where his entrenchments may still be distinctly traced, on both sides, and on the top of the hill.

† Lochmaben Castle, which became occasionally a royal residence, is situated on an isthmus in the Castle Loch, and near the other lakes. Sir William Wallace came there in triumph after his incursion into the north of England.

While England's captive, that brave knight
Scotland arous'd, ere your return:
Tho' gone, his bands reclaim'd your right,
And burst our chains at Bannockburn. *

Such contests crimson'd long thy wave,
And other feuds succeeded those,
Till blest events united have
The Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.

Lo, where huge Errick's awful rise
Thy birth-place forms with shelt'ring wings,
Embosom'd there, a village lies,
Fam'd for its air and healing springs. †

Peaceful 'midst woods, and meads, thy stream
Glides gently to th' engulphing main;
Plaintive, thy deep-ton'd murmurs seem
Of life's short span oft to complain. ‡

* The "Scots wha hae wi'. Wallace bled" are said to have been mainly instrumental in gaining the decisive victory over Edward the Second, at Bannockburn.

† The village of Moffat.

‡ The course of the Annan is only thirty miles from its source to the sea.

To industry's choice, arts still lend,
  Thy aid to turn her active wheels;
Her works to cheer thy margin tend,
  Her impulse culture also feels. *

Propitious sources! whence arise
  Britain's vast trade on seas afloat;
Thence still in size thy sea-port swells, —
  Sails crowd thy strand near Bruce's moat. †

And while thy sons with skill and care,
  From day to day renew their toil,
May virtue their young minds prepare
  To prize and guard their native soil!

Resplendent stream! tho' short thy course,
  Thy spirit rising to the sky,
In clouds embodied, is the source
  Whence nursing showers thy rills supply.

* The Annan, from its magnitude and rapidity, is particularly well adapted for manufacturing establishments. The village of Bridekirk, which was begun with the present century, has already near 400 industrious inhabitants.

† The town of Annan has quadrupled its population within the last thirty years, and since that time, instead of two or three, has thirty or forty vessels belonging to its port.

Thus we, the children of a day,
  Who see thy beauteous vale improve,
Will hope, when life has pass'd away,
  To view thy progress from above.

THE SAILOR'S DEPARTURE.

O, FRESH blows the gale o'er the wide mantling ocean,
And proudly the frigate repels the white foam;
And high beats my heart with tumultuous emotion,
On leaving, for fortune, my dear native home.

Perhaps, for the last time, my father has blest me,
I see his white locks and the tears on his cheek:
And my mother—how close to her bosom she press'd me!
And kiss'd me, and sobb'd, as her kind heart would break.

I may roam thro' the wide world, and friendship may court me,
And love on my heart its soft characters trace,
But ne'er shall affection lend aught to support me
So sacred — so pure as that parting embrace.

Friends and protectors! when dangers surround me,
When pleasure, when wealth spread their lures for my fame,
That moment's good angel shall hover around me,
To chase every thought would dishonour your name.

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

Long gone, for ever gone! the joys of *Spring*;
And *Summer's* brighter objects, riper cares;
Now *Autumn's* lingering train are on the wing,
For me the yellow leaf all nature wears!

Yet Hope, benignant power! with cheering smile,
Still bids me tune the lyre, and wake the muse;
Illumes the *wintry* prospect for a while,
And dreams of springs, and summers past, renews.

TO MEMORY.

HAIL, Memory! whose magic pow'r
Can gild the present gloomy hour
 With the gay colours of the past,
Can smooth the wrinkled brow of age,
The pangs of absence can assuage,
 And bid love's fleeting transports last!

At dawn of life's tempestuous day,
Ere reason had assum'd the sway,
 Ere passion's mingled storm arose,
Thou deign'dst before mine infant eyes,
As yet unskill'd the boon to prize,
 Thy golden treasures to disclose.

At length, enrich'd, by thee I wove,
(Soaring the vulgar throng above*)
 Fair garlands for the shrine of truth.
O, may I long thy favour share
Ere all-destroying time impair
 The generous gifts bestow'd in youth.

* "Cœtusque vulgares, et udam
Spernit humum, fugiente penna."—HOR.

Yon gorgeous palace! solemn fane!*
Yon floating castle on the main!
To whose providing owe we these?
Could art her lofty fabrics build,
Should bounteous nature cease to yield
Her marbles bright, her towering trees?

And what would fancy's powers avail
If all thy treasur'd stores should fail,
Sav'd in the dark eclipse of time?
Rich stores of action! passion, thought!
Short joys, by long repentance bought!
And grov'ling vice, and worth sublime.

Without thee, mute the living lyre;
Though touch'd by Phœbus' hallow'd fire,
Silent the tuneful poet's tongue;
On thee, the brave for fame rely;
Unsung without thee, patriots die;
And god-like *heroes bleed* unsung.

Even life itself to thee we owe,
Thou canst the wond'rous charm bestow
To stop the moments as they fly;

* ——— "The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples."—Shakspeare.

And but for thee, they fléet so fast,
(Yet hardly present when they're past*)
That man with every breath would die.

1817. O stay, and soothe my sorrows still,
A motley life of good and ill
Was mine, — is every mortal's fate;
But I have known long years of bliss,
O, let me still remember this,
Though *widow'd* now, and desolate.

1819. Ah! no, for me no balm hast thou,
A *widow'd, childless* father now!
And grief my earthly — endless doom.
Yet hope still lives beyond the grave;
God surely tries us but to save!
They beckon me; — I come! I come!

* "Fugit hora; hoc quod loquor hinc est."—Persius.
"Le mement on je parle est déjà loin de moi."—Boileau.

PÆSTUM.

THOUGH roseate odours float on every gale
That sweeps, sad Pæstum, o'er thy desart vale*;
Though each soft zephyr bear upon its wing
The sweets and promise of perennial spring,
Like life's illusions o'er the captive sense
Veiling in smiles the ruin they dispense;
Thy perfum'd breath a venom'd shaft conveys,
And the lorn pilgrim at thy shrine betrays!
Yet joy'd the man on whose rapt vision first
The prostrate glories of thy city burst †;
With kindred feeling traced thy classic plains,
Thy tower-capt walls, — thy desecrated fanes,
Whose massive columns from their deep repose
In mingled symmetry and ruin rose,
And as the wonders of the scene he view'd,
Broke the long silence of thy solitude.

* The roses of Pæstum are celebrated as peculiarly fragrant, and blowing twice every year; yet, though the air is thus perfumed, it is destructive, as the malaria prevails.

† The temples of Pæstum, though in a situation so open to notice, remained unknown for centuries; they were then, it is said, discovered by a painter.

Lo! 'mid the desart, grateful to the eye,
As a green spot in sandy Araby,
Yon hallow'd porch, above each rival form,
Bright in a sunbeam through the coming storm,
Stands, like the ancient genius of the place,
Evoking from the tomb, his Dorian race!
Beauteous in ruin, in decay sublime,
A splendid trophy o'er the wreck of time;
Struggling with fate, — the glorious past recalls,
And rob'd in majesty, like Cæsar falls. —
Seems still the whispering breeze to bear along
The mournful melody of Grecian song,
As when in solemn rite thy patriot band
Sang of their fathers in a stranger land.
And yet, 'tis desolate! no voice invokes,
No victim bleeds, — no teeming incense smokes!
Where be thy gods? beneath the general gloom
Sleep they too in the silence of the tomb? —
See, on yon moss-grown stone, with front serene,
The unmov'd idol 'mid the changeful scene,
As when he gave thy sons to be, of yore*,
Lords of the dark-blue sea that laves thy shore;
His shrine, the shadow of that empty boast,
Stands a lone beacon on thy desart coast!

* The largest of the temples was dedicated to Neptune, the tutelary deity of ancient Posidonia: it is of Doric architecture.

So flits the pageant of life's troubled dream,
So float man's works down time's oblivious stream;
But nature still the same through ages past,
Blush'd in the rose, and thunder'd in the blast;
And in her great unerring laws we trace
The mighty mind that fills all time — all space.
Prostrate the star on Bethlehem's Plain we hail,
Which o'er the wreck of worlds, and through the Vale
Of Death itself spreads its celestial ray,
And breaks from darkness to eternal day.

TO MRS. SIDDONS.

Gifted of Heaven! who hast, in days gone by,
Moved every heart, delighted every eye,
While age and youth, of high and low degree,
In sympathy were join'd, beholding thee,
As in the drama's ever changing scene
Thou heldst thy splendid state, our tragic queen!
No barriers there thy fair domain confin'd,
Thy sovereign sway was o'er the human mind;
And, in the triumph of that witching hour,
Thy lofty bearing well became thy power.

Th' impassion'd changes of thy beauteous face,
Thy stately form and high imperial grace;
Thine arms impetuous tost, thy robe's wide flow,
And the dark tempest gather'd on thy brow,
What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn
Down to the dust thy mimic foes have born;
Remorseful musings, sunk to deep dejection,
The fix'd and yearning looks of strong affection;

The action'd turmoil of a bosom rending,
When pity, love, and honour are contending;—
Who have beheld all this, right well I ween!
A lovely, grand, and wond'rous sight have seen.

Thy varied accents, rapid, fitful, slow,
Loud rage, and fear's snatch'd whisper, quick and low,
The burst of stifled love, the wail of grief,
And tones of high command, full, solemn, brief;
The change of voice and emphasis that threw
Light on obscurity, and brought to view
Distinctions nice, when grave or comic mood *,
Or mingled humours, terse and new, elude
Common perception, as earth's smallest things
To size and form the vesting hoarfrost brings,
Which seem'd as if some secret voice, to clear
The ravell'd meaning, whisper'd in thine ear,

* Those who have been happy enough to hear Mrs. Siddons read, will readily acknowledge, that the discrimination and power with which she gave effect to the comic passages of Shakspeare, were nearly as remarkable and delightful as those which she displayed in passages of a grave or tragic character. It is to be regretted, that only those who have heard her read, are aware of the extent or variety of her genius, which has on the stage been confined almost entirely to tragedy; partly, I believe, from a kind of bigotry on the side of the public, which inclines it to confine poet, painter, or actor to that department of their art in which they have first been acknowledged to excel, and partly from the cast of her features, and the majesty of her figure, being peculiarly suited to tragedy.

And thou had'st even with him communion kept,
Who hath so long in Stratford's chancel slept,
Whose lines, where Nature's brightest traces shine,
Alone were worthy deem'd of powers like thine;—
They, who have heard all this, have proved full well
Of soul-exciting sound the mightiest spell.

But though time's lengthen'd shadows o'er thee glide,
And pomp of regal state is cast aside,
Think not the glory of thy course is spent;
There's moon-light radiance to thy evening lent,
Which from the mental world can never fade,
Till all who've seen thee in the grave are laid.
Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,
And what thou wert to the wrapt sleeper seems:
While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace
Within her curtain'd couch thy wonderous face.
Yea; and to many a wight, bereft and lone,
In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,
Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,
With all thy potent charm thou actest still.

And now in crowded room or rich saloon,
Thy stately presence recognis'd, how soon
The glance of many an eye is on thee cast,
In grateful memory of pleasures past!

Pleas'd to behold thee with becoming grace
Take, as befits thee well, an honour'd place
(Where, blest by many a heart, long may'st thou stand)
Amongst the virtuous matrons of the land.

SONNET.

Spirit of evil, with which earth is rife,
Revenge, Revenge! thee all abjure and blame,
Yet, when their hour is come, invoke thy name.
Base men for thee in secret bare the knife;
The brave partake the peril and the strife;
The weak, the sword more sure of justice claim;
The strong, when they have blasted power and fame,
Give to their foe in scorn the curse of life —
The keenest, bitterest vengeance — for these all
Are only shapes thou tak'st to goad the mind,
Turning the heart's pure, generous blood to gall;
And thus, Revenge, thou stalk'st through all the kind,
Till mighty nations madden at thy call,
And earth is waste, and seas incarnardin'd,

SONNET.

The marks of death were on him, and he bore
In every feature that sharp, clear, cold look,
Which is not of this world; his weak frame shook,
Yet not with terror shook; for oft before
He had sought death amid the battle's roar;
Nor shrank he now, when in his chamber lone,
Death, visible death, for three long moons had shewn
His dart uprais'd, but struck not; still he wore
His brow, though sad, undaunted; for he knew
This was his last great fight, whose promise high
Was endless glory to the faithful few,
Whose courage can endure to victory.—
And so he conquer'd, and a soldier true
And gallant, as he liv'd, did G——n die.

LIFE.

THE ministering spirits from above
Descend with energy creative fraught,
They breathe on nature with the breath of love,
And lo ! she wakens into life and thought.

Where all was dull and dark, inert and cold,
Now power and motion, light and heat abound;
The heavens are bright with azure and with gold,
And green and rosy hues adorn the ground.

With life the waters tremble, every hour
New tints, new forms of loveliness appear;
The limpid dew breathes odour in the flower,
And new-born music fills the vernal air.

But not alone through matter's fairest forms
And genial powers, does beauteous order reign,
The lightning's flash, the blast of angry storms,
And the tumultuous raging of the main,

Alike are engines of Eternal Will,
For good and useful ends: that Will whose sway
Has ever acted, and is acting still,
Whilst planets, worlds, and systems all obey;

Without whose power creative, mortal things
Were still and dead,—an inharmonious band,
Silent as are the harp's untuned strings,
Without the touches of the minstrel's hand:

But for whose power conserving, they would pass
Back into chaos, stars on stars would fall;
Suns would be darken'd, and the mighty mass
Of nature rest beneath her funeral pall.

A portion of the one Intelligence,
Th' immortal mind of man its image bears,
Vested with organs in the world of sense,
Oppress'd, but not subdued by human cares.

A germ preparing in the winter's frost,
To rise and bud and blossom in the spring;
A new-plum'd eagle by the tempest tost,
And gaining from its fury strength of wing:

The child of trial, to mortality
  And all its changeful influences given,
Yet dimly conscious of its destiny,
  And that its high inheritance is heaven:

Feeling its life amidst the forms of death
  To be eternal, not a spark that flies
But a pure portion of th' immortal breath,
  Kindling a flame where'er its essence lies:

Though clouded, still to feel that flame endure,
  By joy exalted or by pain refin'd,
Till sense is lost in passion high and pure,
  And intellectual light absorbs the mind:

Soon as it breathes to feel the mother's form
  Of orbed beauty thro' its organs thrill,
To press the limbs of life with rapture warm,
  And drink with transport from a living rill:

To view the skies with morning radiance bright,
  Majestic mingling with the ocean blue,
Or bounded by green hills or mountains white,
  Or peopled plains of rich and varied hue:

To feel pure pleasure at the wond'rous face
   Of nature! but a higher joy to prove,
In viewing living charms, expression, grace,
   Awakening sympathy, compelling love:

The heavenly balm of mutual hope to taste,
   Soother of life, affection's bliss to share,
Sweet as the stream amidst the desert waste,
   As the first blush of arctic day-light fair:

The father's sacred name in joy to bless,
   Whilst life's sweet op'ning blossoms round him rise,
With virtue's odours, hues of happiness,
   Binding with flowery wreaths his civic ties:

To mingle with its kindred, to descry
   The path of power, in public life to shine;
To gain the voice of popularity,
   The idol of to-day, the man divine:

To govern others by an influence strong,
   As that high law which moves the murm'ring main,
Raising and carrying all its waves along,
   Beneath the full-orb'd moon's meridian reign:

How quickly palsied the strong arm of power,
  The breath of praise how mutable, — to know,
The thunder-storm dissolving in the shower,
  The winter's zephyr trembling on the snow :

To view the mighty victims of the lust
  Of domination fall'n — the statesman low
As the poor peasant in ignoble dust :
  And those whose triumphs kept the world in awe,

Who play'd with sceptres and dispos'd of thrones,
  Whose great achievements wondering millions sung,
Dying without a trophy for their bones,
  Or in inglorious exile, not a tongue

Daring, except in whisp'rings low to speak
  Of their high deeds : — To feel that glory's light
Rising from arms and empire, when the weak
  Or lose their freedom in th' unequal fight,

Or for their country and their laws expire, —
  Is, as the red volcano's wond'rous birth,
Fair in the distance, — near, an awful fire,
  Which desolates the green and fertile earth :

To wake from low ambition's splendid dream,
  Its gauds, its pomps, its toys, to feel how vain,
Like glitt'ring foam upon the turbid stream,
  Or Iris' tints upon the falling rain:

To dwell upon utility alone,
  As the true source of honour, to aspire
To something which posterity may own,
  A guiding lamp, not a consuming fire:

To hail those pure and hallow'd sympathies,
  Which into future ages bear the mind,
Th' eternal converse with the good and wise,
  The high abstracted love of human kind:

To forests to retire, amidst the whole
  Of natural forms, whose generations rise
In lovely change, in beauteous order roll,
  On land, in ocean, in the glitt'ring skies:

To live in pure and happy solitude,
  In adoration of th' Eternal Cause,
And wonder of his works with love imbued
  Of inspiration gain'd from nature's laws:

To feel, as its decaying organs fade,
That mortal burdens seem to pass away,
And in the glimm'ring through its twilight shade,
To hail the dawning of a glorious day;

So in the northern summer, morning beams
Ere the last western purple leaves the skies;
So in th' autumnal night the moonshine gleams,
Pointing to where the orient sunbeams rise:

His soil'd and wearying earthly vest to tear,
To give to nature all her borrowed powers,
Dust to the earth, and moisture to the air,
And balm to cheer the fainting herbs and flowers:

Then, as awak'ning from a dream of pain,
Its pristine form of glory to assume,
Untouch'd by Time, and free from mortal stain,
The raptured seraph's everlasting bloom:

To its first source of being to return,
To bask in the eternal Fount of light,
With hope amidst fruition still to burn
In the unsated love of knowledge infinite.

THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

A SIMILE.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along,
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet,
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But tho' 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And ev'n then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when deck'd with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife,
Smoothes the roughness of care,—cheers the winter of
life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way!
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And, whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
Tho' marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

DAWLISH, *Dec.* 1811.

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
  And curly pate and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
  And soft and fair? thou urchin sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
  First call'd thee his, or squire or hind?—
For thou in every wight that passes,
  Dost now a friendly play-mate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
  As fringed eye-lids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,—
  'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far afield thou hast not flown,
  With mocks and threats half-lisp'd half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
  Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
  A mimick warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
  Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
  And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure,
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
  To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
  Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
  The weary spell or horn book thumbing.

Well; let it be! thro' weal and woe,
  Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,
  And thou a thing of hope and change.

EPISTLE TO EARL HARCOURT,

ON HIS WISHING HER TO SPELL HER NAME OF CATHERINE WITH A K.

And can his antiquarian eyes,
My Anglo-Saxon C despise?
And does Lord Harcourt, day by day,
Regret th' extinct initial K?
And still, with ardour unabated,
Labour to get it reinstated?—
I know, my Lord, your generous passion
For ev'ry long-exploded fashion;
And own the Catherine you delight in,
Looks irresistibly inviting,
Appears to bear the stamp, and mark,
Of English, used in Noah's Ark;
"But all that glitters is not gold,"
Nor all things obsolete, are old.
Would you but take the pains to look
In Doctor Johnson's quarto book,
(As I did, wishing much to see
Th' aforesaid letter's pedigree),
Believe me, 't would a tale unfold,
Would make your Norman blood run cold.

My Lord, you'll find the K's no better
Than an interpolated letter,—
A wand'ring Greek, a franchis'd alien,
Deriv'd from Cadmus or Deucalion,
And, why, or wherefore, none can tell,
Inserted 'twixt the J and L.
The learned say, our English tongue
On Gothic beams is built and hung;
Then why the solid fabric piece
With motley ornaments from Greece?
Her letter'd despots had no bowels
For northern consonants and vowels;
The Norman and the Greek grammarian
Deem'd us, and all our words, barbarian,
Till those hard words, and harder blows,
Had silenced all our haughty foes,
And proud they were to kiss the sandals
(Shoes we had none) of Goths and Vandals.
So call we now the various race
That gave the Roman eagle chace,
Nurtur'd by all the storms that roll
In thunder round the Arctic Pole,
And from the bosom of the North,
Like gelid rain-drops scatter'd forth—
Dread Odin's desolating sons,
Teutones, Cimbrians, Franks, and Huns;—

But hold, 't would try Don Quixote's patience,
To nomenclate this mob of nations:
Whose names a poet's teeth might break,
And only botanists could speak.
They at a single glance would see us
Rang'd in the system of Linnæus;
Would organize the mingled mass,
Assign their genus, order, class,
And give, as trivial, and specific,
Names harder still, and more terrific.
But since our Saxon line we trace
Up to this all-subduing race,
Since flows their blood in British veins,
Who led the universe in chains,
And from their "sole dominion" hurl'd
The giants of the ancient world,
Their boasted languages confounding,
And with such mortal gutturals wounding,
That Greek and Latin fell or fled,
And soon were number'd with the dead;
Befits it us, so much their betters,
To spell our names with conquer'd letters?
And shall they rise and prate again,
Like Falstaff, from among the slain?
A licence quite of modern date
Which no long customs consecrate;

For since this K, of hateful sound,
First set his foot on British ground,
'Tis not, as antiquaries know,
A dozen centuries ago.—
That darling theme of English story,
For learning fam'd, and martial glory,—
Alfred, who quell'd th' usurping Dane,
And burst, indignant, from his chain;
Who slaves redeem'd, to reign o'er men,
Changing the faulchion for the pen,
And outlin'd, with a master's hand,
Th' immortal charter of the land;
Alfred, whom yet these realms obey,
In all his kingdom own'd no K,
From foreign arms, and letters free,
Preserv'd his Cynʒly dignity,
And wrote it with a Saxon C.
—This case in point from Alfred's laws
Establishes my client's cause;
Secures a verdict for defendant,
K pays the costs, and there's an end on't.
The suit had linger'd long, I grant, if
Counsel had first been heard for plaintiff;
Who might, to use a new expression,
Have urg'd the plea of *dis*-possession,

And put our better claims to flight,
By pre-, I mean *pro*scriptive right,
Since that which modern times explode,
The world will deem the prior mode.—
But grant this specious plea prevailing,
And all my legal learning failing;
There yet remains so black a charge,
Not only 'gainst the K's at large,
But th' individual K in question,
You'd tremble at the bare suggestion,
Nor ever more a wish reveal
So adverse to the public weal.

Dear gentle Earl, you little know
That wish might work a world of woe;
The ears that are unborn would rise,
In judgment 'gainst your lordship's eyes;
The ears that are unborn would rue
Your letter patent to renew
The dormant dignity of *shrew*.
The K restor'd, takes off th' attainder,
And grants the title, with remainder
In perpetuity devis'd,
To Katherines lawfully baptiz'd.
What has not Shakspeare said and sung,
Of our pre-eminence of tongue!

His glowing pen has writ the name
In characters of fire and flame;
Not flames that mingle as they rise
Innocuous, with their kindred skies;
Some chemic, lady-like solution,
Shewn at the Royal Institution;
But such, as still with ceaseless clamour,
Dance round the anvil, and the hammer.
See him the comic muse invoking,
(The merry nymph with laughter choking)
While he exhibits at her shrine
The unhallow'd form of Katherine;
And there the Gorgon image plants,—
Palladium of the termagants.
He form'd it of the rudest ore
That lay in his exhaustless store,
Nor from the crackling furnace drew,
Which still the breath of genius blew,
Till (to preserve the bright allusion)
The mass was in a state of fusion.
Then cast it in a Grecian mould,
Once modell'd from a living scold;
When from her shelly prison burst
That finished vixen, Kate the curst!

If practice e'er with precept tallies,
Could Shakspeare set down aught in malice?

From nature all his forms he drew,
And held the mirror to her view;
And if an ugly wart arose,
Or freckle upon nature's nose,
He flatter'd not th' unsightly flaw,
But mark'd and copied what he saw;
Strictly fulfilling all his duties
Alike to blemishes and beauties:
So that in Shakspeare's time 'tis plain,
The Katherines were scolds in grain,
No females louder, fiercer, worse:—
Now contemplate the bright reverse;
And say amid the countless names,
Borne by contemporary dames,—
Exotics, fetch'd from distant nations,
Or good old English appellations,—
Names hunted out from ancient books,
Or form'd on dairy-maids, and cooks,
Genteel, familiar, or pedantic,
Grecian, Roman, or romantic,
Christian, Infidel, or Jew,
Heroines, fabulous or true,
Ruths, Rebeccas, Rachels, Sarahs,
Charlottes, Harriets, Emmas, Claras,
Auroras, Helens, Daphnes, Delias,
Martias, Portias, and Cornelias,

Nannys, Fannys, Jennys, Hettys,
Dollys, Mollys, Biddys, Bettys,
Sacharissas, Melesinas,
Dulcibellas, Celestinas,—
Say, is there one more free from blame,
One that enjoys a fairer fame,
One more endow'd with Christian graces,
(Although I say it to our faces,
And flattery we don't delight in,)
Than Catherine, at this present writing?
Where, then, can all the difference be?
Where, but between the K, and C:
Between the graceful curving line,
We now prefix to atherine,
Which seems to keep with mild police,
Those rebel syllables in peace,
Describing, in the line of duty,
Both physical, and moral beauty,
And that impracticable K
Who led them all so much astray —
Was never seen in black and white,
A character more full of spite!
That stubborn back, to bend unskilful,
So perpendicularly wilful!
With angles, hideous to behold,
Like the sharp elbows of a scold,

In attitude, when words shall fail,
To fight their battles tooth and nail.—
In page the first, you're sagely told
That "all that glitters is not gold;"
Fain would I quote one proverb more—
"N'éveillez pas le chat qui dort."
Here some will smile, as if suspicious
That simile was injudicious;
Because in C A T they trace
Alliance with the feline race.
But we the name alone inherit,
C has the letter, K the spirit,
And woe betide the man who tries
Whether or no the spirit dies!
Tho' dormant long, it yet survives,
With its full complement of lives.
The nature of the beast is still
To scratch and *claw*, if *not* to *kill*;
For royal Cats, to low-born wrangling
Will superadd the gift of strangling.
Witness in modern times the fate
Of that unhappy potentate,
Who, from his palace near the pole,
Where the chill waves of Neva roll,
Was snatch'd, while yet alive and merry,
And sent on board old Charon's ferry.

The Styx he travers'd, execrating
A Katherine of his own creating.
— Peter the Third — illustrious peer!
Great autocrat of half the sphere!
(At least of all the Russias, he
Was Emperor, Czar of Muscovy) —
In evil hour, this simple Czar,
Impell'd by some malignant star,
Bestow'd upon his new Czarina,
The fatal name of Katerina;
And, as Monseigneur l'Archévêque
Chose to baptize her à la Grecque,
'Twas Katerina with a K:
He rued it to his dying day:
Nay died, as I observ'd before,
The sooner on that very score —
The Princess quickly learnt her cue,
Improv'd upon the part of shrew,
And as the plot began to thicken,
She wrung his head off like a chicken.
In short this despot of a wife
Robb'd the poor man of crown and life;
And robbing Peter, paid not Paul;
But clear'd the stage of great and small,
No corner of the throne would spare,
To gratify her son and heir,

But liv'd till threescore years and ten,
Still trampling on the rights of men. —
Thy brief existence, hapless Peter!
Had doubtless longer been, and sweeter,
But that thou wilfully disturb'dst
The harmless name she brought from Zerbst.
Nor was it even then too late,
When crown'd and register'd a Kate;
When all had trembling heard, and seen,
The shriller voice, and fiercer mien —
Had'st thou e'en then, without the measure,
That Russian boors adopt at pleasure,
On publishing a tedious ukase,
To blab to all the world the true case,
By virtue of the Imperial knout
But whipt th' offending letter out —
She, in the fairest page of fame,
Might then have writ her faultless name,
And thou retain'd thy life, and crown,
Till time himself had mow'd them down.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE

THE ROBBER POLYDORE;

A BALLAD.

O! HOLY Mary, hear the blast!
The elms 'twill overthrow,
Where, hung in chains, a murderer's bones
Are tossing to and fro.
The robber Polydore is up,
And listens to the moan;
He fears to sleep, for on the heath
His cottage stands alone.

A knock comes thund'ring to the door,
The robber's heart leaps high.
"Now open quick, dost thou not mind
Thy comrade Gregory?" —
"Whoe'er thou art, with smother'd voice
Strive not to cheat mine ear;
My comrade Gregory is dead,
His bones are hanging near." —

"Now ope thy door, nor parley more;
'Tis true I'm Gregory;
And, if 'twere not for the gibbet rope,
My voice were clear and free.
The wind is high, the wind is loud,
It bends the old elm tree;
The blast has toss'd my bones about,
This night most wearily.

"The elm was dropping on my hair,
The shackles galled my feet;
To hang in chains is a bitter lair,
And, oh! a bed is sweet.
I've borne my lot for many a night,
Nor yet disturb'd thee here;
Then sure a pillow thou wilt give
Unto thy old compeer?"

"Tempt me no more," the robber cried,
And struggled with his fear;
Were this a night to ope my door,
Thy taunts should cost thee dear."—
"Ah! comrade, you did not disown,
Nor bid me brave the cold;
The door was open soon when I
Brought murder'd Mansell's gold.

" When for a bribe you gave me up
To the cruel gallows' tree,
You made my bed with readiness,
And stirr'd the fire for me.
But I have sworn to visit thee,
Then cease to bid me go;
And ope, or soon thy bolts and bars
Shall burst beneath my blow."

Oh! sick at heart grew Polydore,
And wish'd the dawn of day;
That voice had quell'd his haughty heart,
He knew not what to say.
For now the one that stood without,
For entrance crav'd no more,
And when no voice in answer came,
He struck, and burst the door.

" Why shrink'st thou thus, good comrade, now
With such a wilder'd gaze?
Dost fear my rusted shackles' clank?
Dost fear my wither'd face?
But for the gallows' rope, that face
Had ne'er thus startled thee,
And the gallows' rope, was't not the fruit
Of thy foul treachery?

"But come thou forth, we'll visit now
The elm with the wither'd rind,
For though thy door was barr'd to me,
Yet I will be more kind.
That is my home, the ravens there
Are all my company,
And they and I will both rejoice
In such a guest as thee.

"The tempest's loud, but clasp my arm
Why, why dost thou delay?
That arm thou did'st not doubt to clasp,
When my life was sold away."
The stormy wind sung wild and loud
Round trembling Polydore;
As by his dead companion led,
He struggled o'er the moor.

And soon they reach'd a wilderness,
By human foot unpress'd,
The wind grew cold, the heather sigh'd,
As conscious of their guest:
Soon did they on the dreary heath
The wither'd elm-tree find,
Where a halter, with a ready noose,
Hung dancing to the wind.

Then turning round, his ghastly face
  Was twisted with a smile,
"Now living things are far remote,
  We'll rest us here awhile.
Brothers we were, good Polydore,
  We robb'd in company;
Brothers we were, and we in death
  Shall also brothers be.

"Behold the elm, behold the rope,
  Which I prepar'd before.
Thou'rt pale! —'tis but a struggle, man,
  And soon that struggle's o'er.
Tremble no more, but cheerful come,
  And like a brother be;
I'll hold the rope, and in my arms
  I'll help you up the tree."

The eyes of Polydore grew dim,
  He rous'd himself to pray,
But a heavy weight sat on his breast,
  And took all voice away.
The rope is tied, then from his lips
  A cry of anguish broke,
Too powerful for the bands of sleep,
  And Polydore awoke.

All vanish'd now the cursed elm,
  His dead companion gone,
With troubled joy he found himself
  In darkness and alone.
But still the wind with hollow gusts
  Fought ravening on the moor,
And check'd his transports, while it shook
  The bolted cottage door.

ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS RECEIVED FROM A FRIEND AT AN EARLY PERIOD OF LIFE, WHOSE CORRESPONDENCE HAD LAPSED INTO SILENCE, AND WHOSE FRIENDSHIP INTO APATHY.

Cold is the hand that gives thee to the flame,
Sweet source of pleasure in my early years!
But, O ye friends! to me impute no blame,
I mark its quick destruction thro' my tears.

Cold was the hand that at one cast destroy'd
Sweet friendship, which, upon that crackling scroll,
Depicted was; even where, with skill employ'd,
Her pen had traced the kindness of her soul.

Ah! why the proof of former joy preserve!
A present grief 'twere folly to retain;
Years to encrease the change would only serve,
And every change would add severer pain.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A RETIRED SEAT IN A FRIEND'S SHRUBBERY.

Ye who love the shady bow'r,
Ye who fear the sultry hour;
Ye who peace delight to meet,
Come to my sequester'd seat.

Ye whose bosoms pant with fears,
Ye who wish to hide your tears;
Ye who pine with secret love,
Seek my quiet whispering grove!

If meditation suit thee best,
Come with me contented rest,
For here each flower and rising tree
Declares the present Deity.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood, —
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert tho' thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food of shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Tho' thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower,
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
  Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
  Nor garden's artful, varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild,
  Of peace and freedom seems to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
  And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-lov'd native land!
  Alas, when distant, far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
  Looks homeward thro' the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

FOTHRINGAY.

Hail, falling shades! hail, stillest ev'ning hour!
Sacred to verse, and thou sublimest power,
Imagination! thou, while slumber light
Lays me to rest upon the lap of night,
Draw near my couch — and bear my soul away
From earth's dull shades to scenes of brighter day:
Lead her to each lone vale, and hallow'd mount;
To each enchanted oak and mystic fount;
But chiefly lead her to the Choral Hall
Of old Oceanus — and, at thy call,
Bid soft Autona at my will prepare,
And tell of deeds that mark'd her borders fair.

The song prevail'd — and, deck'd with varied flower
Of reed and lily — from her watery bow'r
Autona rose; and, turning her dark head
To shade and meadow, pensive thus she said:
"Hail, Fothringay! tho' faded now thy bow'rs,
Thy princes vanish'd, gone thy stately tow'rs;
Borne on the breeze from yon lone bank thy sigh
Murmurs of glory past. — To poet's eye

Fair in thy mourning weeds. Amid the vale,
I hail thee queen, and would record thy tale.
Lo! on that mound in days of feudal pride
Thy tow'ring castle frown'd above the tide,
Flung wide her gates, where troops of vassals met
With awe, the brow of high Plantaganet.
But ah! what chiefs in sable crest appear!
What great achievement marks yon warrior's bier!
'Tis York's — from Agincourt's victorious plain,
They bear the fallen hero o'er the main,
Thro' all the land his blooming laurels shed,
And to thy bosom give the mighty dead.
When from thy lap the vengeful Richard sprung,
A boding sound in all my borders rung;
It spoke a tale of blood — fair Nevile's woe,
York's murd'rous hand — and Edward's future foe.

" In darkest night for ever veil the scene
When thy cold walls receiv'd the captive Queen.
For this hath ruin torn thee from the ground,
Spread her wild bramble and her thistle round,
Burst on thy princely tower with whelming tide,
Nor left one vestige to relate thy pride.

" I saw her on that bank in sorrow tear
The golden circlet from her graceful hair;

While thus she spoke,—'Hence shall the scorner see
That all my royal state consists in thee!'
Hence, bauble, hence to pow'r! nor bind that head
That bows degraded o'er this humble bed.
Fair stream! my prison's guard, yet still and slow
In seeming rev'rence of the captive's woe;
Were but mankind as gentle as thy flood,
As deep their friendship, and as clear their good!
Could'st thou convey me to the sounding tide,
This hand should spread the sail—the steerage guide;
The lovely bark my Gallia's shore would gain,
And England's Queen confess my pow'r to reign.
But vain the wish!—To me no more is giv'n
Of joy or hope,—but that which rests in heav'n."
She sighs—and lo! thro' yonder portal come
Nobles and Judges to pronounce her doom.
She pleads indignant—"Bring ye, subjects, laws
Unjustly here to try a Monarch's cause?
Your's is nor law nor truth, resolv'd on wrong,
Death clouds your brow, and rancour arms your tongue."
She ceas'd.—At Howard's name her sorrows flow,
How lov'd his mem'ry, how deplor'd his woe!

See the last sun to Mary's eye descend,
And night her curtain o'er the scene extend!

Her watchful train in speechless anguish weep,
The captive's eyes alone are clos'd in sleep.
See the last morning break — with mournful state,
Forth comes the royal captive to her fate.
Death cannot move her soul — the sighing breath
Of pitying bosoms gives the sting of death.
Be calm," she said, "for Stuart soon shall be
Above the sphere of mortal majesty;
Her little triumphs and her wrongs be o'er,
Weep no more, faithful Melville! weep no more!"
Religion's hope her last sad words express;
Scotland admonish — ruthless England bless:
But oh! — the pause that follow'd — and the groan
Struck every nerve, and froze the blood to stone!
Trembling I hid my brow beneath the wave,
And sank in terror to my inmost cave.
Farewell — I mark with hate that murd'rous hour,
And glide in silent grief to ocean's bow'r!

THE LAMENT.

Sweet lake! while shades are closing round,
I love to haunt thy tranquil shore,
And mournful tread the hallow'd ground
Which Emma's form shall grace no more.

There's not a rock thy waters lave
But brings her to my fancy's eye;
There's not a ripple on thy wave
But murmurs of departed joy.

Beneath yon birch's shadowy screen,
Oft have we watch'd the fading day,
Or slowly, o'er yon twilight green,
In pensive bliss, have mused our way.

And is she gone? — and do I live
To hover round our favourite spot,
In vain o'er blighted hopes to grieve,
And joys that will not be forgot.

Sweet lake! this brain where memory glows, —
  This heart which throbs in anguish now,
Oh, that at length they might repose
  As cold, as motionless as thou!

SONNET TO ——.

Whether thy locks in natural beauty stray,
  Clust'ring like woodbind wild, or haply bound,
  Like ivy wreath thy polish'd brows around;
Whether within thine eyes' blue mirror play
Mirth's arrowy beams or love's more soften'd ray;
  Whether to the gay viol's pleasant sound
  Thou minglest in the dance's airy round,
Thy light feet twinkling like the darts of day;
Or whether o'er the graceful harp thy frame,
  More graceful yet, with eyes up-rais'd thou bendest,
  And with its tones thy own, far sweeter, blendest;
Still thou art loveliest, varying, yet the same,
  Still o'er my soul thine absolute sway extendest,
  And from all other loves my heart defendest.

SONNET.

I've seen my day before its noon decline,
  And dark is still the future, nor, alas!
  Can Hope, with all the magic of her glass,
Irradiate the deep gloom which fate malign
Has gather'd round;—yet will I not repine;
  For tho' the courage, that can do and dare,
  Be brightest glory, unsubdued to bear,
That calmer, better virtue may be mine;—
For this is of the mind;—to slay, be slain,
  Asks but a moment's energies, and Fame
  First wakens and then keeps alive the flame;
But Patience must itself, itself sustain,
  And must itself reward, nor hope to find
  The praise or the compassion of mankind.

SONNET.

THERE is a virtue, which to Fortune's height
  Follows us not, but in the vale below,
  Where dwell the ills of life, disease and woe,
Holds on its steady course, serenely bright:
So some lone star, whose softly beaming light
  We mark not in the blaze of solar day,
  Comes forth with pure and ever constant ray,
That makes ev'n beautiful the gloom of night.
  Thou art that star so lovely and so lone,
That virtue of distress — Fidelity!
  And thou, when every joy and hope are flown,
Cling'st to the relics of humanity,
  Making with all its sorrows life still dear,
  And death, with all its terrors, void of fear.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Where are the tamers of the deep,
The gallant and the brave?
Heaven's angry whirlwinds o'er them sweep,
Cold ocean is their grave.

Was it, their sun of glory waned
Amid the cloudy fight,
When through the mists of battle rained
A shower of deathly light?

Arose they from the strife of blood
On victory's eagle pinion,
Waving in death above the flood
The banner of dominion?

I would not mock their fate with sorrow,
Let woman melt in tears,
Fame's gorgeous purple I would borrow
To shroud their glorious biers.

No; on their dark and dismal hour
No star of conquest rose;
Vain was their boast of strength and power,
The tempests were their foes.

Haughty they rode the passive deep,
And bade the waves give place;
They called the wild winds from their sleep,
To waft them on their race.

They saw not from the deep arise
The spirit of the storm,
And mingle with the dark'ning skies
His dim and scowling form.

But God to him strange might had given
To wreak his wrath on man;
By rushing blasts the skies were riven,
The waves their war began.

Where are the tamers of the deep,
The gallant and the brave?
Go ask the wild winds where they sleep,
Search ocean for their grave.

Was heard on Denmark's wintry shore
  The drear distress-gun moaning?
'Twas night, amid the tempest's roar
  That dying men were groaning.

And Ocean, like a conqueror proud,
  In triumph rolled to land,
And with his gallant spoils bestrewed
  The waste and silent sand.

There are, who sweetly sleep at home
  With calm and careless breast,
And those they love in slumber come
  To cheer their couch of rest.

Oh, wake them not, from those to part,
  Who in their dreams survive!
To-morrow to the bleeding heart,
  For aye, they cease to live!

A PORTRAIT.

Yes,—whilst my sight is yet allow'd to rest
On those dear features, (which it calms my breast
To look upon; and, as I watch them, give
The purest bliss that mortals may receive,)
Let me preserve their image for a space,
And from the life a faint resemblance trace.
Oh! if the likeness were correctly made,
And if my colours were not such as fade,
Through time's long year the Portrait would be prais'd,
And future ages profit, as they gaz'd.

Lovely is youth,—but, robb'd of vermil hue,
Age may be lovely, and enchant the view,
When the soul brightens, and th' immortal ray
Is seen more clearly through the shrine's decay;
When the mild aspect, cloudless and serene,
Reveals in silence what the life has been—
Untroubled as the awful close draws near,
Still fondly turn'd to all remaining here;
Still breathing peace, and tenderness, and love,
Illum'd with nearer radiance from above.

Such, such 'tis mine to witness day by day,
And more than filial reverence to pay.
For, if I owe her life, and ev'ry flow'r
That ere I gather'd since my natal hour,
And (more than life, or happiness, or fame,)
The fear of God, since I could lisp his name:
If no conflicting ties divide my heart,
And chance, nor change, have forc'd us yet apart;
If for the other each too oft has fear'd,
And mutual woes and peril have endear'd;
Now that her spirit undisturb'd remains
By sharpen'd trials and increasing pains,
I view the mother and the saint in one,
And pay beyond the homage of a son.

Ye who approach her threshold, cast aside
The world, and all the littleness of pride;
Come not to pass an hour, and then away
Back to the giddy follies of the day;—
With reverent step and heav'n-directed eye,
Clad in the robes of meek humility,
As to a temple's hallow'd courts, repair,
And come the lesson, as the scene, to share;
Gaze on the ruin'd frame, and pallid cheek,
Prophetic symptoms, that too plainly speak!

Those limbs that fail her as she faulters by;
Pangs, that from nature will extort a sigh;
See her from social intercourse remov'd,
Forbid to catch the friendly voice she lov'd;
Then mark the look compos'd, the tranquil air,
Unfeign'd contentment still enthroned there!
The cheerful beams, that, never quench'd, adorn
That cheek, and gladden those who thought to mourn;
Benignant smiles for all around that shine,
Unbounded love, and charity divine!
This *is* Religion—not unreal dreams,
Enthusiast raptures and seraphic gleams;
But Faith's calm triumph—Reason's steady sway,
Not the brief lightning, but the perfect day.

Mark we the close of years without offence?
Of more than this, and more than innocence,—
A life of deeds—a long, unblemish'd course
Of gen'rous action, and of moral force.

Her have I seen assail'd by deepest woe,
O'erwhelming desolation's sudden blow;
How much she felt, the body's ills display;
From that dread hour began the slow decay.
Yet she, who quiver'd at another's pain,
Her own with stoic firmness could sustain;

Stood unsubdued—but meekly kiss'd the rod,
And took with patience all that came from God;
And curb'd her grief, when sorrow's cup ran o'er,
Lest those who saw her weep, should weep the more.

Her have I seen when Death was at her side,
And Hope no longer to our prayers replied,
Nor then celestial visions blest her sight,
Or angels waiting for the spirit's flight;
Awe she confest—but awe devoid of fear,
In death, as life, who knew her Maker near.—
Yet she, whose claim (if any may) will prove
Sure of the joys that crown the just above,
Humbly preferr'd no title of her own,
And on redeeming grace repos'd alone.
In acts of prayer life's ebbing moments past,
Or acts of love, benignant to the last;
Nor one forgot, nor fail'd to recommend
Each poor dependant—name each valued friend;
And, most resign'd to summons all but given,
Still human, griev'd to leave us, though for heav'n.

Nor hers alone the virtues that require
Some stroke of fate to rouse their latent fire;
Great for an hour, heroic for a scene,
Inert through all the common life between.

But such as each diurnal task perform,
Pleas'd in the calm, unshaken by the storm.
In her had Nature bounteously combin'd
The tend'rest bosom with the strongest mind;
Sense that seem'd instinct, so direct it caught
The just conclusion, oft refus'd to thought;
Simplicity of heart, that never knew
What meant the baubles which the world pursue;
All these, by not a taint of self alloy'd,
All these were hers—for others all employ'd.
To seek the haunts of poverty and pain,
Teach want to thrive, and grief to smile again;
To guide young footsteps to the right, and win
The old in error from the ways of sin;
To ease the burthens of the human race,
Mend ev'ry heart, and gladden ev'ry face,
She liv'd and breath'd;—not from the world estrang'd,
But mov'd amongst it, guileless and unchang'd;
Still lov'd to view the picture's brighter side;
The first to cherish, and the last to chide.

For this around the time-struck ruin wait
Admiring crowds, the lowly and the great;
Thither for this, the young, the good, repair,
And watch around with unremitted care;

For this the orphans of the village bring
Unbidden gifts, the earliest wreath of spring,
Homage, that scarce encircles youth, or power,
In court of kings, or beauty's vernal bower.

Thus cheer'd, yet thus forbid to labour more,
Wanting herself the aid she gave before;
When feeble mortals peevishly complain,
Regret past pleasures, and survive in vain;
She, like the silver lamp, that, night and day,
Before some altar sheds its hallow'd ray,
Serenely shines, in pure effulgence bright,
With pious lustre, and attractive light;
Dispels the black'ning shades that gather round,
And guides the wanderer to the sacred ground:—

Servant of God! thy task is nearly done!
And soon, too soon, thy wages will be won.
Yet how shall I contend with grief alone?
How bear this cheerless earth when thou art gone?
Dear being! 'tis thyself would still bestow
Whate'er of comfort the bereft may know!
For when, (how else shall I employ the hours?)
Of thee I think, thy virtues, and thy powers,
Shall I despair? thou did'st not: — or repine?
Did ever murmur spring from lips of thine?

Yes — I will strive — though, at the thought, my heart
Sickens, and nature trembles at her part.
I will not wholly lose thee, but believe,
That, from on high, thy care I still receive;
And, as I wander through the silent glade,
Trace the sequester'd brook, or seek the shade,
Through day's long hours; or in the night profound,
When stillness breathes a sacred calm around;
Discourse with thee in spirit, though disjoin'd,
And catch the influence of angelic mind.
The force of virtue lasts beyond the grave,
Still shalt thou watch, console me, guide, and save!
Lead me from ill, and keep my steadfast eye,
Fill'd with the prospect of futurity;
Where, soon or later, if I teach my feet
Thy steps to follow — we again shall meet.*

* Since the above was put into the editor's hands, the amiable and excellent original of the Portrait has been removed to that higher state of existence, for which she was so well prepared.

DE LA CHARITE'

POUR LES PAUVRES PRISONNIERS, DIEPPE.

YES, 'tis a year since last that plaintive cry,
" Pity the prisoners," touch'd my wand'ring ear:
And now again their hat is lower'd from high,
And the same famish'd, sharpen'd features peer
Through the stern bars.—Can the revolving year,
With its rich interchange of joys, have brought
Health to my body, transport to my thought,
Whilst man hath left his fellow-creatures here?

France! I have trod thy vine-clad hills, and eyed
Milan's cathedral, the blue Glacier's wall,
Como's fair lake in all its summer's pride;
Baronial Heidelberg, Schaffhausen's fall;
Till lost in ecstasy, my spirit flew
Forth with the breeze, exulting o'er the view,
And, as that breeze along a bank of flowers
Gathers their odours, with a silent awe
Incorporating them into my powers,
I mingled with the mighty things I saw,

Bold forms, sweet tints, soft Nature's whisper'd tone,
And made the feelings of the Alps my own:
Just as the lake, beneath the mountain's brow,
Reflects the charms that on its borders glow,
Receives them to its breast, and seems to blend
Their nature in its own, as friend to friend.
And I at will have seen and mused on man,
His varied character and social plan, —
The prudent Dutchman, the more simple Swiss,
Till, home returning, the familiar kiss
Of loving lips received me.———
——————— Out, alas!
On human mercy! whilst my hours have flown
Lovely as sunbeams through the prism glass,
Your bondaged months have dragged their weight alone,
Poor barr'd and pittanced thralls! to you the same
How bright the day, or rich the harvest came!
Oh, how can guilty souls presume to meet
Him, who redeem'd them, on his judgment-seat,
Who taught them but one daily prayer to Heaven,
"As we forgive, so may we be forgiven!"
Bankrupts and beggars! how can they forget
The retribution of his awful threat,
On fierce exactors of a fellow-servant's debt?
Away! no kneeling mockery to your Lord!
When ye but ask'd him, he forgave you all;

Ev'n you, whose patience will not once afford
A doit's forbearance at a brother's call.
Yourselves have judg'd yourselves, and wrath defied,
By every drop of comfort you denied;
And heap'd consuming horrors on your head
In ev'ry tear your with'ring victims shed;
Those tears which baffled avarice can spurn,
Then, reckless, to life's breathing world return
To feast with Pharisees, the sunbeam share,
Weep o'er a play, nor tremble at a prayer.
Grasping the pound of flesh revenge makes dear,
Age after age, man pens his equal here.
He owed you monies, therefore, whilst the blood
Boils at his heart, and children cry for food;
Whilst strong his energies, erect his form,
His feelings fresh about him,—like a storm,
You, the rich tyrant, fasten'd on your prey,
Carried him from his plunder'd home away;
And to this living sepulchre consign'd,
A fading body, and a writhing mind.
Here, left in hateful solitude to die,
By the slow poison of much misery.—

Pity the prisoners! Yes, tho' thrown aside,
Like serpents that dar'd cross the path of pride.

And darken, with your wretched looks, the day
Of purse-swol'n neighbours, whom want could not pay;
And though ye lose, withdrawn from public sight,
The throng'd world's sympathy, your humble right,
Yet do your cruel sorrows justice find,
Among the human portion of mankind, —
The glorious few, who, true to virtue's cause,
Would mend their country's by religion's laws;
They who have made the better part their choice,
And pass'd protected through life's furnace flame,
Nor need, like me, the suff'rer's pleading voice,
To wake their nature to a sense of shame;
Who, amidst fashion's taint and pleasure's lure,
Have fought the thankless battles of the poor;
Wrench'd from the worldly hand its iron rod,
And best have serv'd, by most resembling God.
Whilst me, yet loit'ring on a foreign strand,
Life's labyrinth-thread deceives, and seems but sand,
Which from my feeble fingers slips away,
Like the delusion of a vacant dream,
Or mountain music of some shallow stream,
That, pleas'd in list'ning its own worthless sound,
Cools no parch'd lip, revives no thirsty ground.
In those brief hours of light which yet remain,
If yet, oh, teach me not to live in vain!

Teach me, Great Master! to redeem the time,
And heavenward teach my sacred thoughts to climb.
Then shall I, from sin's slavish thraldom free,
Love all thy Gospel loves, and humbly honour Thee.

SONG.

Yes, thou mayst walk in silk attire,
If thou'lt consent to be his bride,
Whose wealth can satiate each desire
That ministers to pride.

If thou'lt forswear thy plighted love,
And leave his aching heart to break,
With whom, in Teviot's evening grove,
Thou vow'dst life's lot to take.

To whom thy stainless, youthful heart,
Pledg'd its affections earliest glow,
And bade thy faltering lips impart
Bliss he no more can know.

When life to thee, as then to him,
Beam'd in its freshest, loveliest hue,
In rapture's cup, love to the brim
Rose bright, — but how untrue!

Nay, nay, the friendly hand I scorn,
  Thy love was mine, I'll ne'er take less;
If chang'd affection can't be borne,
  There's refuge from distress.

The damask couch — the fretted roof —
  May sooth thy rest — may please thine eye;
A lowlier dome — a ruder woof —
  He seeks, who seeks to die.

EVENING.

How lovely, Evening, is thy parting smile!
The twilight softness of thy glowing sky
May well the poet's pensive dream beguile,
And kindle rapture in his languid eye.
There is a quiet magic in the sigh
Of thy cool breezes, and thy twinkling dews,
The insect's hum, the birds' wild melody,
Thy few faint stars, and all the varying hues
That o'er thy pallid cheek their maiden blush suffuse

I love the setting sun's last glance of light,
When vernal clouds have wept themselves away:
Flowers are more fragrant, and their tints more bright;
More blithe the nightingale's reviving lay:
The drops fall sparkling from the leafy spray,
As fitful breezes toss the straggling brier;
And the far hill flings back the level ray;
So pure the liquid air, that cot and spire,
Distinct in distance, gleam with evening's golden fire.

The poet's glances, wheresoe'er they roll,
A paradise of living splendor make;
And in the magic mirror of his soul,
Earth's simple beauties lovelier forms awake;
As in the green depth of some limpid lake,
Unruffled by the west wind's vesper sighs,
Tree, hill, and cloud, a softened brilliance take,
Till all the landscape in reflection lies
A fairy world of light, enshrin'd in purer skies.

But spring hath sights which melt upon the mind
With an o'erpow'ring beauty: early flow'rs
That children in their evening rambles find;
The soft, half-open'd foliage, wet with show'rs;
Luxuriant shoots, that o'er the twilight bow'rs
Wave wildly: dappled skies, and sparkling rills.
And spring hath music for our love-sick hours:
Wild notes of forest warblers; and the hills,
All silent as they seem, a mingled murmur fills.

The ploughman's careless whistle, the low bleat
Of youngling flocks, the drowsy-tinkling bell,
The bark of village watch-dogs, as they greet
The homeward shepherd, on the breezes swell,

While evening darkens o'er the misty dell.
O then I love to wander, all unseen,
Walks lengthen'd as the length'ning light may tell,
And muse, with many a roving thought between,
And quiet to the soul from nature's quiet glean.

In all the calmness of a cloudless eve,
How gently dies a long, long summer day!
O'er yon broad wood, as loth to take its leave,
It sheds, at parting, its most lovely ray;
And golden lights o'er all the landscape play—
And languid zephyrs waft their rich perfume
Where the wide lattice gives them open way,
And breathe a freshness round the twilight room,
From jasmine, clematis, and yellow-blossom'd broom.

There is a home-felt stillness in the hour,
When heaven's bright azure takes a deeper shade,
And fragrance sleeps in every closing flower.
Then, ere the amber glow is all decay'd,
The volume or the work aside is laid;
And the pleas'd mother views, with glist'ning eye,
The little games by happy childhood play'd,
Her fair-hair'd girls all breathless running by,
With cries of mimic fear and laugh of ecstacy.

When the far clock hath toll'd the hour of rest,
They, side by side, before their mother kneel,
And pray their gentle slumbers may be blest,
And their pure spirits dew-like influence feel
Of grace and goodness. Oh! what raptures steal
Upon a parent's soul at childhood's prayer!
That innocence might all her sorrows heal:
The lifted hands, the feature's placid air,
The hymn so sweetly lisp'd, have all enchantment there.

And then the good-night kiss: and they repose
In dreamless rest, or dreams of happiness:
And the warm cheek with livelier colour glows,
As, half unconsciously, with fond caress,
The wearied infants to each other press,
And fall asleep together. Happy sleep!
The sage might envy thee, the saint might bless:
O! could'st thou in thy own true Lethe steep
The sunk and haggard eyes that wake, and wake to weep!

Come, walk with me, where, o'er the dewy lawn,
The fir-tree wafts its incense, and the gale
Breathes freshly from the waters; for the dawn
Of moon-light brightens o'er the winding dale;

And while the startled owlets shriek and wail,
One flood of splendor bathes the distant hill,
The corn-field bosom'd in the wood, the vale
With river mists o'ershadow'd, hush'd and still,
Save where in murmurs dies the rushing of the mill.

Soon shalt thou hear, fair moon, a blither greeting
Than poet's invocation, or the cry
Of owlet: — Shout and laugh in chorus meeting,
Where youths and maids their harvest labour ply,
And the slow wain, with dewy sheaves pil'd high,
And grating wheels, rolls homeward: the shrill song
Of infant gleaner swells the revelry;
And aye, with dying fall the notes among,
Will echo's airy tones the melody prolong.

In the deep stillness of the moonlight grove,
Where trembling leaves a chequered shadow made,
Of yore the fairy-people lov'd to rove;
And soft as that dim light and mellow shade,
Aërial music whisper'd from the glade:
And fays, beneath the drooping violet,
In filmy robes of gossamer array'd,
And moth-wing scarf, and fern-seed coronet,
To list a tale of love their elfin warriors met.

Roll on! thou pure and lovely orb! roll on,
In silent beauty through the cloudless sky;
Most lovely when the twilight flush is gone,
And thou in brightness art alone on high.
Thou art the poet's worship, and his eye
More wildly flashes in thy hallow'd ray:
To thee the lover, fancy-sick, will sigh;
And thy pale beams through ivied casement play,
Where patient maiden's cheek in vigils wastes away.

The mourner loves thee; for thy quiet light
Sheds beauty o'er grey tower and waving tree,
Yet beauty which becomes the solemn night;
While day, in mockery, throws o'er all we see,
Gay smiles, which win no smile from misery.—
The mourner loves thee; and, in frenzied tone,
Her overflowing passion breathes to thee,
Thrill'd with thy loveliness, when all is gone
That gave affection birth, and yet the heart yearns on.

How sweetly, by the margin of the lake,
From cottage windows peeps the taper's light!
The trembling waters its reflection break,
As the breeze stoops to kiss them in its flight.

The glow-worm, lamp of little fairy sprite,
On beds of moss is shining in the dew;
And stars are twinkling from the depths of night,
In Evening's lingering glimmer pale and few,
But flashing thick and bright along the darker blue.

In the green covert of some leafy bay,
Stretch'd languidly along my rocking boat,
I love to gaze my inmost soul away,
And watch the silent stars in ether float:
And oft, when distant flute's faint echo smote
On my hush'd senses, — list'ning with a sigh —
Oh! I have lov'd to fancy that the note
Had wander'd from the music of the sky,
And woo'd the poet's creed of spheral melody.

'Tis sweet to mark the wither'd foliage float,
Down the cold stream of autumn's evening gale,
While the last ling'ring swallow's feeble note,
Seems sadly for the waning year to wail.
The huntsman's bugle echoes down the vale,
To call the stragglers of the weary chase;
From barn far distant sounds the sullen flail;
And the chill'd wand'rer turns with livelier pace,
O'er heath or dreary moor his homeward path to trace.

But dearer far the spirit-stirring sight,
When the white waves with all their voices roar,
And the red sun goes down with fitful light,
Along "a wild and breaker-beaten shore."
The gale of evening freshens more and more;
And boats, like specks upon the sparkling tide,
Run landward; gulls on flapping pinions soar;
And petrels on the rolling billows ride,
Sure sign of gathering storm by sailor's eye espied.

The light-house, like a horizontal star,
Peeps through the tempest o'er the rocky coast;
And signal-bells sound strangely, faint and far,
Amid the howl of winds and waters lost.
Light bounds the bark, all buffeted and tost;
Waves roar and hiss around her stooping prow;
The din, the darkness but by light'ning crost,
Yards strain'd, mast quivering, as the hoarse gusts blow,
Thrill the tumultuous blood with rapture's breathless glow.

Such tale, on winter evening long and drear,
By the red ember's deep and fitful ray,
The cottage matron tells, with many a fear
For sailor-boy on shipboard far away;

And tatter'd children leave their noisy play,
To hear, and nestle by the beldame's side;
And aye she shakes her tresses thin and grey,
At her own ghostly legends terrified;
Then hastily will rise, nor farther question bide.

More swiftly, months of learned exile roll!
Restore "the wintry paradise of home,"
The bower of bliss, the Eden of the soul,
More sweet than luxury's most gorgeous dome,
More sweet than groves where youth and beauty roam.
To breathe the stillness of the star-light air,
Come, tranquil evenings, peaceful pleasures, come,
Where heart with heart its sympathies may share,
And loving and belov'd, repose in rapture there!

A sister's arm around thee fondly wreath'd,
The listless sofa, hour of deep'ning gloom,
The hopes, the fears, the girlish secrets, breath'd
In tones that whisper round the silent room, —
The laughing tell-tale eye, and conscious bloom, —
These all are pleasant: — pleasant is our glee,
When brighter lights the social hearth illume,
And all intently busied seem to be,
Yet idlesse is it all in that fair company.

O'er the blank landscape let the curtains fall,
And wake the yule-logs to a livelier blaze,
While to the lares of our sober hall
Accustom'd rites the white-arm'd priestess pays:
The azure flame from silver censer plays
Innocuous round the base of hissing urn;
The snow-white cups the graceful hand arrays;
And each the fragrant essence sips in turn,
And views with social smile that little altar burn.

Then labour's idle semblance wastes an hour,
And o'er the table is the work-box spread;
And fairy fingers trace the mimic flower,
Or knot, or twist, or wind the golden thread:
The silken twine, through many a labyrinth led,
Some trifle weaves, which beauty gives away;
And soon, that beauteous form for ever fled,
The slight memorial of a happier day,
To grief a melancholy pleasure may convey.

And ever and anon soft voices talk,
Of all that busies or delights the fair;
The tended green-house, or the morning walk,
Or volume chosen solitude to share;

And sparkling glances, playful smiles, are there,
And all the enchantment of the Paphian zone:
Then breathes the harp a wild and plaintive air,
And feeling blends her soul-dissolving tone,
That melts among the chords, then sweetly thrills alone.

Not undelightful is the thoughtful game,
Where martial queens the mimic fray command;
When puzzled ladies blush for very shame,
With furrow'd forehead and suspended hand.
Observant children round the table stand;
Or read, with pleasure's half-believing smile,
The old fantastic lore of fairy-land,
Or tales that might a graver age beguile,
Aladdin's lamp of power, or Crusoe's lonely isle.

And who hath seen, and ever will forget,
The girlish glow of innocent delight,
When round the hearth the graver few are met,
And some young sister bursts upon their sight,
The ball-room's newest, brightest, star to night?
While playful glances to the mirror roam,
She chides the moments for their ling'ring flight;
Then bears fond wishes from her quiet home,
For all that beauty asks in pleasure's whirling dome.

Sweet is the cadence of the graceful dance,
When music melts with full melodious fall,
And fairy forms of mirth and beauty glance,
Along the mazes of the glittering hall:
Then swifter notes and sprightlier measures call;
And lovely is the ringlet's airy flow,
The eyes that sparkle with delight on all,
The livelier throbbing of the breast of snow,
The small hand gently pressed, the cheek's responsive glow.

Not thus the solitary evenings pass,
To one far off in academic shade;
But slowly gazing o'er the mingled mass
Of dusty learning on his table laid,
He sighs for mountain rill, or forest glade,
Or well-known faces round the social fire;
For never here romantic Naiad stray'd,
Or wood-nymph echoing mock'd the poet's lyre,
But bleak and dreary plains all dreary thoughts inspire.

Yet pleasure flies not from the antique cell,
Where dimly burns the taper's hermit flame;
For there the spirits of the mighty dwell,
Dreams that to Scio's sightless poet came,

And music breathed by Mincio's reedy stream:
When the slant casement woos the evening air,
To waft its freshness on the fever'd frame,
From the far chapel swells the voice of prayer,
And breezes, as they rise, the pealing anthem bear.

And when the silver moon-beams softly smile,
O'er arch and window rich with fretted stone,
And deeper shadows mark the chequer'd pile,
By turret or illumin'd buttress thrown,—
To tread the echoing cloister all alone,
Through grated portal watch the waving trees,
To listen to the river's feeble moan,
And muse o'er idle numbers, wild as these,
Are pleasures that endear the bower of learned ease.

SUNSET MEDITATION,

UNDER THE APPREHENSION OF APPROACHING BLINDNESS.*

In tremulous vision, falsely near,
The forms of nature as phantoms appear,
With the wonted colours of earth and sky,
When o'er them wanders my fixless eye.
O, let not one image from memory fade,
That might dimly gleam the coming shade;
Be the parting aspect deeply imprest,
Like a mother's glance ere she sank to rest!

Shall I see those infant leaves, which now
So lightly feather each waving bough,
That scarce the descending orb they veil,—
Shall I behold them wax sere and pale?
Or must I, when Autumn's rustling breeze,
Strews the frost-ting'd foliage round the trees,
Mournfully fancy the oak's ruddy brown,
And the mountain-ash, drooping wanly down?

* Some of the prognostics of that species of blindness occasioned by a failure of the optic nerve are described in the commencing lines.

And, when in this cottage-porch reclin'd,
Where the woodbine's tendrils sport in the wind,
Still clinging with all their early love,
To the arch o'er which they climb'd above,—
Will the picture sav'd from oblivion's stream,
Resemble the trace of a vivid dream,
And the scenes I never again can view,
Be imag'd in fragments of heighten'd hue?

Shall I only then from its temper'd glow,
The hour of the Western glories know?
While memory's pencil may fondly seek,
To repaint each amber and crimson streak,
And truly combine to the mental gaze,
The changeful tints of the cloud-wrapt blaze:
All, all that could wring from the scorner's breast,
A prayer to Creation's God—confest!

Let gratitude's source unfailing be found,
'Midst the desert of darkness spreading around!
Tho' withdrawn, be the blessings ne'er forgot
Which have shed their balm o'er my varied lot:
Not even the floweret of briefest day,
Which I've watch'd, dew-gemm'd in the morning ray,
Till the beams that open'd each blooming leaf,
Seem'd to cheer a bosom clouded with grief.

But doubly endear'd and ne'er to decline,
The power to console me, my friend, is thine!
If thoughts that dwell in the deep heart's core
Must be exchanged by the eye no more;
If this were the last confiding token
Of all that thy look of love hath spoken;—
By the tender touch and the quivering tone,
I should know the heart to be still my own.

ON TIME.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER 84TH BIRTH-DAY.

Time sooth, since Time has been, has still sustain'd
  The varied murmurs of each wayward mood,
Of tedious pace, of hasty flight arraign'd,
  His loss lamented and his influence woo'd.

How is it, favour'd Lady, that on thee
  This blighting power no rugged mark has shed?
But traces still, with fairest courtesy,
  His gentle progress o'er thy silver'd head?

No vain regrets to thy remembrance cling,
  No ill-spent hours thy tranquil mind appal,
Nor would'st thou wish to check his rapid wing,
  Or transient joys of scenes long past recal.

Then tell the gay who bask in youthful prime,
Time honours thee, for thou hast honoured Time.

LOVE.

Yes, Love has his changes, but be not too ready,
To number his faults or dishonour his sway;
Abuse him you may, as the billow unsteady,
But what are his changes? say, Moralist, say.

At first, I confess, full of whims and vagaries,
All wing and all fire, a wild boy and no more;
But pass a few years — then observe how he varies;
His freaks disappear, and his follies are o'er.

And who would now blame him? so alter'd a creature!
More sweet is his smile, more contented his air;
More happy his mien, tho' more sober each feature,
And look at his form! see, no pinions are there.

We journey thro' life, and the hill now ascending,
New changes in life must too surely appear;
Inverted his torch, and on earth his eyes bending,
He moves a lone mourner, and follows a bier.

Then cold to the world, from its pleasures retiring,
He comes like a pilgrim to memory's shrine;
And whisp'ring new hopes, and, new visions inspiring,
The child is now chang'd to a seraph divine.

A CHARACTER.

Ask you, "What charms first chain'd my heart,
"And held me from the world apart,
"Made young ambition's turmoil cease,
"And blest me in the haunts of peace?"

'Twas not th' unfolding of the rose,
That in the cheeks' fresh vermeil glows;
Not health, whose fragrant lip exhales
The breath it stole from morning gales;
Not the smooth front, as spotless fair,
As chaste as Guido's angel air;
Nor the blue eye, that brighter far
And steadier than Eve's herald star,
That passes lonely o'er the deep
When ocean rests in summer sleep:
It was not these that chain'd my heart,
And held me from the world apart:—
'Twas the pure soul that glow'd within,
'Twas innocence that thought no sin,

'Twas fancy, whose keen glance unsated
Beam'd on a world herself created,
And like the sun that pours alone
The beauteous light it looks upon,
Embellish'd every form it view'd,
And its own charm in all pursu'd.

'Twas more than these: 'twas fearless youth,
Whose guardian was celestial truth;
'Twas instinct, that like lightning caught
The slow result of patient thought;
'Twas quick sensation, that convey'd
The answer that the lip delay'd:
'Twas the first thought that spoke the soul,
Nor sought reflection's slow controul:
'Twas force with gentleness combin'd,
Mildness of heart with strength of mind,
And virtue, to itself severe,
That gave to woe — to sin — a tear.
These were the charms that chain'd my heart,
And held me from the world apart.

And yet I knew not at that hour,
The influence of that gentle pow'r:
I deem'd not that the future day
Would still some latent grace display,

Some virtue more and more reveal
That youth and beauty half conceal:
That when affliction's keenest dart
Pierc'd with domestic wound my heart,
That gentle spirit would sustain
My soul its firmness to regain,
Teach me to bear the trial grief,
And in submission find relief.

Such were the charms that chain'd my heart,
That held me from the world apart,
And brighter now than in their bloom,
With Hesper light my Eve illume.

L'ENNUYEE.

Oh! is it dreaming folly
  That thus my mind deludes?
Or listless melancholy
  Unbidden that intrudes?
Why sinks this soul of pleasure
  That once could tower away,
And revel without measure
  In realms of brightest day?

'Tis gaiety, that wasted
  Leaves me and sickening flies;
'Tis pensiveness has hasted
  To bid my heart be wise;
'Tis indolence unsteady
  That claims a right to grieve,
Because no joy is ready
  Its languors to deceive.

'Tis rain and sullen weather,
  That chill me and annoy;—

'Tis — oh, 'tis all together
  That thus my bliss destroy!
At noon the lark was singing;
  Yon lake with sunshine warm;
Look, how those clouds are bringing
  Their odious heaps of storm.

Alas! what vain delusion
  Can all these follies name —
Oh, rise my cheek's confusion!
  Oh, sink my heart with shame!
That heart each joy possessing,
  That toils itself to tease;
And turns from every blessing,
  Fantastic with its ease.

Ye heirs of want and sorrow,
  Oh, rise upon my view!
And let my fancy borrow
  Reproof and awe from you.
Oh, let me wake and hasten
  To haunts of real pain,
And into silence chasten
  The follies I disdain.

THE MERRY HEART.

I WOULD not from the wise require
  The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
  A single counter of their store.
For I have ease and I have health,
  And I have spirits, light as air,
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,
  A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind
  I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour,
And sometimes have been half inclin'd
  To rate her for her ill-behaviour.
But life was short — I thought it folly
  To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
  With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
  Surpriz'd me in a luckless season,

Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
  And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
  And love 's, you know, a reason fair,
And much improv'd, as I believe,
  The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
  I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
  And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
  Can still with pliant art prepare,
The mind, attun'd to every season,
  The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
  Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
  And let the rest good humour find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome give
  To every joy my lot may share,
And pleas'd and pleasing let me live
  With merry heart, that laughs at care.

THE MOTHER'S REMONSTRANCE.

Hast thou well my counsels weigh'd,
Shew me not that gay cockade;—
I have watch'd thy tender years,
With a mother's hopes and fears;
I should yield thee up with tears.

Thou would'st only live for fame,
Thou would'st win a hero's name,—
But thou know'st not what I know;
I have seen the realms of woe,
Where the soldier's laurels grow.—

Can'st thou thirst and famine bear,
Yet march on with cheerful air?
Can'st thou stand the autumn's rain,
On a cold and marshy plain,
When thy gallant heart is vain?

When thy comrades round thee fall,
When 'tis death and tumult all,
Can'st thou then untroubled stand,
With thy reason at command,
To save thy shatter'd band?

Can'st thou die, as soldiers die,
Give to love thy last sad sigh,
Then, 'mid dead and dying cast,
Feel thy dreams of glory past,
Yet contented breathe thy last?—

'Twas thus thy father fell.—
I could ne'er the story tell—.
But I see his image now,
With the death-blood on his brow;—
I surviv'd, I know not how.—

'Twas for thee that life was dear,—
But my words thou wilt not hear;
And the fire, ev'n while I speak,
Mantles higher on thy cheek,
To reproach my fondness weak.—

Oh! on th' embattled field,
May the God of Battles shield
Thee, the soldier's widow's son!—
— Return with laurels won—
Or his righteous will be done.—

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF QUATRE BRAS, 1821.

So bright the sun puts forth his glorious beams,
So fair the field beneath his lustre gleams,
So soft the south wind wanders o'er the corn,
While on its wing a thousand scents are borne,
So bright and fair, so peaceful and serene,
So soft and calm, and undisturb'd the scene,
It seems as if no storm had ever rose,
Or e'er could rise, to break its sweet repose.

But on this lovely spot when last I stood,
What was that field? — a theatre of blood!
The war-fiend here unfurl'd his baleful wing,
Here mock'd at pain, and smil'd at suffering:
Yelling with joy as each new victim bled,
Gloated his eye on hecatombs of dead;
Steep'd his foul pinions in a sea of gore,
And, drench'd with slaughter, still demanded more.
Yes, for the blue of yonder cloudless sky,
Above us hung a sulphurous canopy;

For murmuring rill, and carol of the bird,
Were whizzing shot and roaring cannon heard; —
Bristled the bay'net, gleam'd the deadly glaive,
Where thickest now the golden harvests wave; —
Where tender harebells wave in azure bloom,
Floated the pennon with the warrior's plume;
For rural echoes, or the wild bees' hum,
Bray'd the hoarse trumpet, roll'd the hollow drum;
And where yon meadow's turf most verdant is,
There fell the fiercest of our enemies.

They fell indeed! — but with them what a host,
Of conqu'rors, comrades, brothers, friends, was lost!
What tears bedew'd the bodies of the brave,
As sanguine hands consign'd them to the grave;
What sobs burst forth as voices join'd in prayer,
Which but an hour before had join'd the battle there;
What manly bosoms heav'd with sorrow's sigh,
Which but an hour before throbb'd high in victory!
Alas! among the most deplored of those,
Who, wrapp'd in shrouds of glory, here repose,
Here, on this field, their valour nobly won,
Lies low in earth the gallant Barrington!

Oh! that my feeble hand could justly trace
His manly virtues, and his youthful grace;—
Oh! that my feeble pen could trace his eye,
Where sat enshrin'd, the soul of bravery;
Or shew his sword uplifted in the fight,
Dashing through foremost ranks with meteor light.—
Enough—surrounded by a heap of slain,
He sunk triumphant on the gory plain;
Sudden the silver cord of life was riven,
And the freed spirit sprang at once to Heaven!

ON A SLEEPING BOY.

Sleep — and while slumber weighs thine eyelids down,
May no foul phantom o'er thy pillow frown;
But brightest visions deck thy tranquil bed,
And angels wings o'ercanopy thy head.
Sleep on, sweet boy! may no dark dream arise
To mar thy rosy rest — thou babe of Paradise!

See where the glowing hands are closely prest,
As when from pray'r he softly sunk to rest;
Mark how with half-clos'd lips and cherub smile,
He looks, as still he pray'd, and slept the while;
Yet, yet they seem as if they whisper'd praise
For all the blessings of his halcyon days.

Bid, Oh, Almighty Father, God and Friend!
Religion's glories on his steps attend;
To shine through all the dreary storms of life,
A splendid beacon in this world of strife;
And when to Thee recall'd, he sinks in death,
May pray'r and praise still bless his parting breath!

ON MEMORY.

WRITTEN AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

No! this is not the land of Memory,
It is not the home where she dwells,
Though her wandering, wayward votary
Is ever the thrall of her spells;
Far off were the fetters woven which bind
Still closer and closer the exile's mind!

Yet this land was the boast of minstrelsy,
Of the song of the Troubadour,
Whence Charlemagne led his chivalry
To the fields which were fought of yore;
Still the eye of Fancy may see them glance,
Gilded banner, and quivering lance!

But Memory from Fancy turns away,
She has wealth of her own to guard;
And whisperings come to her ear, which say
Sweeter things than the song of the bard:
They are solemn and low, and none can hear
The whispers which come to Memory's ear.

They tell of the dews which brighten'd the way
By our earliest footsteps press'd,
They tell of the visions, hopeful and gay,
Which were born, and which died in the breast;
They recall the accents which sweetly spake
To the soul, when the soul was first awake.

In Memory's land springs never a flower,
Nor the lowliest daisy blooms;
Ne'er a robin chirps from its russet bower,
But to call from their silent tombs
The thoughts and things which Time's pitiless sway
Has long since swept from the world away!

In Memory's land waves never a leaf,
There never a summer-breeze blows,
But some long smother'd thought of joy or grief
Starts up from its solemn repose:
And forms are living and visible there
Which vanished long since from our earthly sphere.

I would not escape from Memory's land
For all that the eye can view,
For there's dearer dust in Memory's land
Than the ore of rich Peru.
I clasp the fetter by Memory twin'd
The wanderer's heart and soul to bind.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT OF THE UNFORTUNATE QUEEN OF FRANCE, TAKEN ON THE LAST EXAMINATION PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

And this was she! the peerless and the bright,
The false world's darling! she who did possess,
(And held awhile in Europe's dazzled sight,)
Glorious in majesty and loveliness,
The Heaven-lent pow'r to ruin or to bless!
Yes, — this was she! — But mark ye, I beseech,
Who love the world, — mark this mute wretchedness,
And grave it on your hearts, for it doth reach
To regions unexplor'd by eloquence of speech!

Nature gave loveliness, and fate gave pow'r,
And millions lavish'd incense. — Poets hung
Their amaranth garlands o'er the royal bow'r;
For Gallia's lily ev'ry lyre was strung,
Pride of all eyes, and theme of ev'ry tongue: —

Love, awe, and wonder, were her ministers;
  Life, and its hours, upon her fiat hung;
She held in poise a nation's hopes and fears —
Dominion, beauty, pomp, and the world's shout, were
    her's!

Gracious and mighty! Yet there came an hour
  Of desolation; and away it swept,
In one rude whirlwind, empire, pomp, and pow'r!
  O'er the fair brow the hoary winter crept
  Of sorrow, not of time. — Those eyes have wept
Till grief had done with tears, and calm and cold,
  Tired with its own excess, in stupor slept,
Or gazed in frozen wonder to behold
The black and hideous page of destiny unroll'd.

Yet trace these faded lines! For they impart
  A tale, may do your careless bosoms good!
Muse o'er the fragments of a mighty heart,
  Broken by sorrow, — ye, whose jocund mood,
  Insatiate feeds on pleasure's tempting food;
Look here! — It will not harm ye, tho' your thought
  Leave its gay flight to melt in pity's flood!
To each light heart, home be the lesson brought,
With what enduring bliss the world's fair smile is fraught!

And is this all? No; — ye may learn beside,
That *all* which fate can threaten *may* be borne;
To see life's blessings, one by one, subside,
Its wild extremes from tenderness to scorn,
But as the changes of an April morn!
For still she was a Queen! — and majesty
Surviv'd, tho' she, deserted and forlorn,
Save Heav'n, had ne'er a friend to lift her eye;
But Heav'n return'd the glance, and taught her how
to die!

ORPHEUS TO EURYDICE.

Sole partner of my heart! remov'd from all,
Here on the lonely shore to thee I call;
The waves which raise their voices to the sky,
Bear on the sound, and cannot drown my cry;
The rocks still echo to thy well-known name,
And Heaven and earth shall listen to the same.
My strains wake not with morn, nor die with day,
But lonely night still hears the mourner play:
And if my wearied hand forsake the strain,
The breeze takes up the mournful lay again.

Immortal as my soul, the song shall be,
Tho' lasting only as my love for thee.
How to my heart did all creation speak!
But now my visions fade, my dreams are weak —
My thought, my fancy, once so bright, are fled,
And Heav'n's own beauties die now thou art dead.

And when, o'ercome by solitude, I fly
To crowds, and strive to banish agony,

Their smiles send back my sorrow to my heart,
And, doubly chill'd, for loneliest haunts I part;
There, bending underneath my load, I groan,
Stretch'd on the ground, unpitied and alone.

'Twas yesternight that I laid down to weep,
But conquer'd by my sorrow, sunk to sleep,
When by my side thy form came hov'ring near,
And utter'd accents which I rush'd to hear;
Curse on my joy! — for waking reason gave
Sorrow to me, and to thyself the grave.
From that high rock where I with thee have stood,
And with poetic rapture mark'd the flood,
Watching the waves as they leap'd up the shore,
Retreating only to advance the more,
And whisper'd each emotion in that ear,
Patient alike my joys and griefs to hear,
I thought that I perceiv'd upon the wave
Thy form, which then a cry for succour gave;
Downwards I dash'd upon the sea to clasp
Eurydice, but ocean mock'd my grasp,
And spurn'd me, senseless, to the rocky shore,
Not kind enough to bid me live no more.

How gladly would I turn Ixion's wheel,
And court the thirst that Tantalus must feel,

Could I but know thee near;—it cannot be—
I must gain Paradise to gain Eurydice.
O that the Gods would yield a milder doom
To those who give themselves an early tomb!
Orpheus must yet live on, if life it is,
When death is thine, remembrance only his.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE AUTUMN OF 1818.

SUMMER still lingers, though its glories fade,
Still soft and fragrant are the gales that blow;
The yellow foliage now adorns the glade,
And paler skies succeed the summer's glow.

The drooping flowers fade, and all around
Their scatter'd blossoms wither and decay;
But still bright verdure decorates the ground,
And the sun sheds a soft and silver ray.

So gently pass we on to wintry days,
Through all the changes that the scene deform;
And still, O still the Being let us praise
Who sent the sunshine, and who sends the storm!

And so, when dreams of happiness are fled,
Vanish'd like summer suns and nature's bloom,
O'er the sad heart some ling'ring joys are shed,
To cheer the way that leads us to the tomb.

THE SHIP'S RETURN.

Thou com'st, fair bark, in gallant pride
  Thy swan-white sails exulting spread;
Nor I the graceful triumph chide,
  For silent are the tears I shed.

Ere while, when thou wert distant far,
  Wand'ring on ocean's pathless waste,
I hail'd thee as my pilot star,
  By thee my devious course was traced.

To thee, as to a hallow'd shrine,
  My sighs, my pray'rs were all address'd;
Thy pride, thy honour seem'd but mine,
  And in thy safety was my rest.

But now, though trophies deck thy brow,
  A mournful wreck alone I see;
For he who warm'd each ardent vow,
  No more a welcome asks of me.

He should have liv'd ! — for fortune ow'd
  The kind redress, withheld too long,
Whilst he life's dark and dreary road
  Had still beguil'd with hope's sweet song.

He should have liv'd ! —in suff'ring school'd,
  But ne'er with fancied wrongs oppress'd;
For nature still o'er sorrow rul'd,
  And peace his guileless soul possess'd.

Unskill'd in caution's rigid lore,
  He scorn'd suspicion's gloomy sway;
Deceiv'd, he trusted as before,
  And dreams illum'd each passing day.

And still in Albion's happy isle,
  His little fairy home was plac'd;
Domestic love, — affection's smile,
  Were all the joys he sigh'd to taste.

How blest, to strive with toil no more,
  To live for social cares alone,
To soothe the ills that others bore,
  As none had ever sooth'd his own !

How fair the scene by fancy cast,
  Rich with affection's balmy breath,
Ah dream! the loveliest, as the last,
  That gilded the dark hour of death.

Even on his wandering soul it smiled,
  When flitting shades around him press'd,
A transient gleam of joy beguiled
  His pangs — one moment he was bless'd.

He saw the partner of his days,
  Hail'd each loved friend with antient claim,
And with a tender lingering gaze,
  Responded to the father's name.

And then he would a blessing breathe,
  A pledge of Christian faith impart,
And with a dower of love bequeath,
  The latest counsels of his heart.

But then he saw the phantoms fade,
  He gaz'd on strangers, rude and cold,
His last fond look was hope betray'd,
  His parting sigh, a wish untold.—

ADDITIONAL LINES TO RETALIATION.

HERE Johnson reclines, in this grave, den, or pit,
The bugbear of folly, — the tyrant of wit.
As an ox over-driven, attacks in the streets,
And goars without mercy each creature he meets,
So this bellowing critic toss'd every day
All his friends who had something or nothing to say.
Then he pitch'd and he roll'd with a turbulent motion,
Like a first-rate, just after a storm on the ocean.
And if prudently silent, his censures to balk,
He exclaim'd in a fury, — "Sir, why don't you talk?"
If you said black was black, his answer was, "No, sir,"
And thundering arguments follow'd the blow, sir;
For tho' lies he disclaim'd from the days of his youth,
Still the Doctor loved victory better than truth.
But peace to his shade! if his powerful mind
Would sometimes break loose in expressions unkind,
At others, in streams, deep, majestic, and strong,
Full tides of morality flow'd from his tongue;
Religion in him found a zealous defender,
And he never attempted to garble or mend her;
In his presence profaneness presum'd not to dwell,
And sedition and treason shrunk back to their cell.

ADDRESS TO A STEAM-VESSEL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS COLLECTION.

Freighted with passengers of every sort,
A motley throng, thou leav'st the busy port.
Thy long and ample deck, where scatter'd lie,
Baskets, and cloaks, and shawls of scarlet dye;
Where dogs and children through the crowd are straying,
And, on his bench apart, the fiddler playing,
While matron dames to tressel'd seats repair, —
Seems, on the gleamy waves, a floating fair.

Its dark form on the sky's pale azure cast,
Towers from this clust'ring group thy pillar'd mast.
The dense smoke issuing from its narrow vent
Is to the air in curly volumes sent,
Which, coiling and uncoiling on the wind,
Trails like a writhing serpent far behind.
Beneath, as each merg'd wheel its motion plies,
On either side the white-churn'd waters rise,
And, newly parted from the noisy fray,
Track with light ridgy foam thy recent way,
Then far diverged, in many a welted line
Of lustre, on the distant surface shine.

Thou hold'st thy course in independent pride;
No leave ask'st thou of either wind or tide.
To whate'er point the breeze, inconstant, veer,
Still doth thy careless helmsman onward steer;
As if the stroke of some magician's wand
Had lent thee power the ocean to command.
What is this power which thus within thee lurks,
And, all unseen, like a mask'd giant works?
Ev'n that which gentle dames, at morning's tea,
From silver urn ascending, daily see
With tressy wreathings playing in the air,
Like the loos'd ringlets of a lady's hair;
Or rising from the enamell'd cup beneath,
With the soft fragrance of an infant's breath:
That which within the peasant's humble cot
Comes from th' uncover'd mouth of sav'ry pot,
As his kind mate prepares his noonday fare,
Which cur, and cat, and rosy urchins share:
That which, all silver'd with the moon's pale beam,
Precedes the mighty Geyser's up-cast stream,
What time, with bellowing din exploded forth,
It decks the midnight of the frozen north,
Whilst travellers from their skin-spread couches rise
To gaze upon the sight with wond'ring eyes.

Thou hast to those "in populous city pent"
Glimpses of wild and beauteous nature lent;

A bright remembrance ne'er to be destroyed,
Which proves to them a treasure, long enjoyed,
And for this scope to beings erst confin'd,
I fain would hail thee with a grateful mind.
They who had nought of verdant freshness seen
But suburb orchards choked with colworts green,
Now, seated at their ease may glide along,
Lochlomond's fair and fairy isles among;
Where bushy promontories fondly peep,
At their own beauty in the nether deep,
O'er drooping birch and berried row'n that lave
Their vagrant branches in the glassy wave:
They, who on higher objects scarce have counted
Than church's spire with gilded vane surmounted,
May view, within their near, distinctive ken,
The rocky summits of the lofty Ben;
Or see his purpled shoulders darkly lower
Through the dim drapery of a summer shower.
Where, spread in broad and fair expanse, the Clyde
Mingles his waters with the briny tide,
Along the lesser Cumra's rocky shore,
With moss and crusted lichens flecker'd o'er,
Ev'n he, who hath but warr'd with thieving cat,
Or from his cupboard chaced a hungry rat,
The city cobbler, — scares the wild sea-mew
In its mid-flight with loud and shrill halloo;

Or valiantly with fearful threat'ning shakes
His lank and greasy head at Kittywakes. (z)
The eyes that have no fairer outline seen
Than chimney'd walls with slated roofs between,
Which hard and harshly edge the smokey sky,
May Aron's softly-vision'd peaks descry,
Coping with graceful state her steepy sides,
O'er which the cloud's broad shadow swiftly glides,
And interlacing slopes that gently merge
Into the pearly mist of ocean's verge.
Eyes which admir'd that work of sordid skill,
The storied structure of a cotton-mill,
May, wond'ring, now behold the unnumber'd host
Of marshall'd pillars on fair Ireland's coast,
Phalanx on phalanx rang'd with sidelong bend,
Or broken ranks that to the main descend,
Like Pharaoh's army, on the Red-sea shore,
Which deep and deeper went to rise no more.

Yet, ne'ertheless, whate'er we owe to thee,
Rover at will on river, lake, and sea,
As profit's bait or pleasure's lure engage,
Thou offspring of that philosophic sage,

(z) The common or vulgar name of a water-bird frequenting that coast.

Watt, who in heraldry of science ranks
With those to whom men owe high meed of thanks,
And shall not be forgotten, ev'n when Fame
Graves on her annals Davy's splendid name! —
Dearer to fancy, to the eye more fair
Are the light skiffs, that to the breezy air,
Unfurl their swelling sails of snowy hue
Upon the moving lap of ocean blue:
As the proud swan on summer lake displays,
With plumage bright'ning in the morning rays,
Her fair pavilion of erected wings, —
They change, and veer, and turn like living things.

So fairly rigg'd, with shrouding, sails and mast,
To brave with manly skill the winter blast
Of every clime, — in vessels rigg'd like these
Did great Columbus cross the western seas,
And to the stinted thoughts of man reveal'd
What yet the course of ages had conceal'd.
In such as these, on high adventure bent,
Round the vast world Magellan's comrades went.
To such as these are hardy seamen found
As with the ties of kindred feeling bound,
Boasting, as cans of cheering grog they sip,
The varied fortunes of "our gallant ship."

The offspring these of bold sagacious man
Ere yet the reign of letter'd lore began.

In very truth, compar'd to these thou art
A daily lab'rer, a mechanic swart,
In working weeds array'd of homely grey,
Opposed to gentle nymph or lady gay,
To whose free robes the graceful right is given
To play and dally with the winds of heaven.
Beholding thee, the great of other days
And modern men with all their alter'd ways,
Across my mind with hasty transit gleam,
Like fleeting shadows of a fev'rish dream:
Fitful I gaze with adverse humours teased,
Half sad, half proud, half angry, and half pleased.

DEVON'S POLY-OLBION.

THE FIRST SONG. — (A FRAGMENT.)

* * * * * * *

FIRST of Devon's thousand streams —
(Beside whose banks no poet dreams,
Since to her praise old Drayton fram'd
His pastoral reed, yet scarcely named —)
— Silver AXE — who, though her course
She fetches from a distant source,
And Dorset's Downs, as on she glides,
From fruitful Somerset divides,
Yet justly I Devonian name her,
And for that nobler province claim her
(No less than Exe, or western Tamar,)
Amongst whose nymphs she's always number'd,
And christens sea-port, burgh, and hundred.

From London cares and London follies,
To Devon's verdant oaks and hollies

As, year by year, the dog-star leads me,
And with sweet thoughts of childhood feeds me —
(Those best and purest thoughts that ever,
Through life's long intermittent fever,
Like health-restoring cordials enter,
And in the inmost bosom center —)
— Thee first, sweet nymph, my eyes salute —
Thee last, when autumn's faded fruit,
Falling in lap of sad November,
Bids me the waning months remember,
And leave the country's tranquil joys
For city crowds and wrangling noise.

Hail, modest streamlet! — on whose bank
No willows grow, nor osiers dank,
Whose waters form no stagnant pool;
But ever sparkling, pure, and cool,
Their snaky channel keep, between
Soft swelling hills of tender green,
That freshens still as they descend
In gradual slope of graceful bend,
And in the living emerald end —
— On whose soft turf supinely laid
Beneath the spreading beechen shade,

I trace, in Fancy's waking dream,
The current of thine infant stream.
Then crowd upon my mental gaze, (*a*)
Dim visions of the elder days;
Shrouded in black Cistercian cowl,
They pass like spectres o'er my soul,
On each pale cheek and furrow'd brow,
Impress'd the wretched exile's woe.

* * *

But pious Adeliza, there,
Fair Devon's Countess — rich as fair,
And, more than fair or rich, devout,
Beheld them on their homeward rout,
With liberal hand reliev'd their woes —
And Ford's majestic abbey rose.

(*a*) The foundation of Ford Abbey by the Countess Adeliza, (niece of the Conqueror) took place A. D. 1138; and the occasion is thus related: Richard de Brioniis, Baron of Oakhampton, (the Countess's brother) having, a few years previously, founded a Monastery of the Cistercian Order, at Brightly, near Oakhampton, filled it with a deputation of monks from Waverley Abbey, in Surry, who, after a short residence, finding the place uninhabitable, from the wretched state of the country in its neighbourhood, and their first patron being dead, set off on their return to Waverley; but being met by the Countess on their passage through the parish of Thorncombe (where she then happened to be) she, out of compassion and piety, persuaded them there to remain, and assigned them her manor of Thorncombe for their support, and her own mansion-house at Ford for their residence.

Age after age since then has roll'd,
O'er generations dead and cold,
From sire to son twice ten times told,—
Yet flows, and will flow on for ever,
The current of that peaceful river,
While priest and monk have pass'd away,
And sable cowl, and amice grey,—
And 'broider'd cope with jewels' shine,
High rood, and consecrated shrine.
In dust the holy relics lie—
The hands that rifled them hard by—
The mitred abbot dispossest,
The leveller with his ribald jest,
The wily lawyer, by whose craft,
Was temper'd the destructive shaft,
That kept its destin'd aim conceal'd,
Behind Religion's frowning shield,
The work of Reformation ended,
And in one common ruin blended,
All holy and all hallow'd things,
Altars and thrones, and priests and kings.

The solemn pageant pass'd away,
Where next, sweet river, wilt thou stray?
To Wycroft's bridge, and mouldering wall,
Which faintly marks the embattled hall,

By lordly Cobham once possest,
And trod by high and princely guest. (*b*)
—In Thorncombe's aisle you still may trace,
The features of a gentle face,
Of knight's degree, and Cobham's race—
Glorious in brass—and at his side,
The image of his lady-bride,
And character'd in letters fair,
Thomas Brook, Knyghte, engraven there.
—No more remains—the when, the where,
The how, he liv'd, and fought, and died,
Or who the lady at his side,
The brass has long forgot to tell—
Nor can the keen explorer spell,
(With all his pains,) one smallest trace
Of the short, pious prayer for grace,
That ends the monumental scroll—
"The Lord have mercy on his soul."
Yet to the heart it teaches more,
Than tomes of theologic lore;

(*b*) In 1426, a licence was granted to Humphrey Duke of Gloucester and others, to castellate the mansion of Wycroft, (then belonging to the Brook family, afterwards Lords Cobham,) and enclose a park of 800 acres.

A proverb, or grave homily,
Of most sententious brevity,
On mortal durability.
—Such wisdom is in crumbled bones!
Such are the sermons preach'd by stones!
Let but a few short lustres pass—
The tablet of recording brass
(Rais'd for eternity,) may shew
No more than he who sleeps below,—
Nay—ev'n his feeble fleshly form,
'Spite of corruption and the worm,
Outlasts, within its bed of earth,
The pompous verse that boasts its worth.

So hard the pious task, to save
One plank from Time's o'erwhelming wave—
But would we trace his earlier stream,
" 'Tis all a cloud—'tis all a dream".
—The Druid walk'd yon stone-girt round,—
The Roman rear'd yon grassy mound,—
This for defence—(a chosen site)—
That for observance, day or night,
Of hallow'd, or unhallow'd rite.
Clear as the sun—nay, all agree,
—Ev'n so, sage dreamer, let it be.

Why then, wear life's brief candle out,
In proving that which none can doubt?
—Why with such shrewd suspicion eye
Yon grey-beard swain who passes by,
As if a word his tongue might say,
Would puff your theory away?
—Well may you dread that rustic smile—
"He minds the bigging" of the pile. (*c*)

Yet may we trust without a crime,
The legends of the olden time,
And still pursue, by croft and mill,
Deep vale and gently-sloping hill,
(Sweet Axe!) the mazes of thy rill,
To plains which (long ere Ford was known,
Or Newenham's sister abbey shone, (*d*)
Transcendant from the Holy Rood,)
Blush'd, crimson-deep, with Danish blood. (*e*)

(*c*) See "The Antiquary."

(*d*) Newenham Abbey, near Axminster, was founded in the reign of Henry III., for monks of the Cistercian Order, by Reginald de Mohun and his brother.

(*e*) The battle here alluded to was fought near Axminster, in the year 937, between Athelstan (accompanied by his brother Edward) and the Danes, aided (it is said) by the Kings of Ireland and Scot-

—Lo! from the bosom of the deep,
The sea-king's swift ascending sweep,—
From Seaton's cliffs they wind their way,
(Old Moridunum's doubted bay,) (*f*)
The boding raven in their van,
To meet renowned Athelstan.
—Nor Erin's lonely harp, that day,
Nor Scotia's royal lion, may
Be absent from the bloody fray.
Dream they of conquest or of spoil,
(Fit guerdon of the warrior's toil)?
Do they for fame or plunder burn?
—Ah! destin'd never to return!
For noble Athelstan is there,
And Edward, with the yellow hair,
The dangers of the field to share—
And with their standard follow free,
The flower of England's chivalry.
—'Tis done—and on the battle plain,
Five kings, and eight stout earls lie slain,—

land. The slaughter is described as prodigious,—five kings and eight earls being said to have fallen on the side of the invaders, and to have been buried in the cemetery at Axminster.

(*f*) The site of Moridunum has long been a subject of dispute among the antiquaries, though most concur in fixing it at or near Seaton.

Nor stone is rais'd, nor mound, to tell
They bravely fought, or nobly fell.
But these who for their country bled,
For them their country's tears are shed.
Shrin'd in their parent soil they sleep —
There holy priests their vigils keep —
And altars burn, and pray'rs arise
In swelling anthems to the skies
From full-ton'd choirs, for their repose.
— Such honours grateful England owes;
And such be ever duly paid
To her lov'd patriot's peaceful shade.*

Leave we the clouds of ancient story,
For scenes of later-parted glory.

When scarce a river flows unsung,
Or murm'ring brook but hath its tongue
To praise whate'er of great or good,
Beside its sacred banks hath stood,
Shall Marlborough's native current keep †
Its channel to the ocean-deep,

* In gratitude for this victory, Athelstan gave the church of Axminster to seven priests, who were to pray for the souls of as many knights or earls (followers of the English King) who perished in the conflict.

† Ash, in the parish of Marburg, now a farm-house, was, for many generations, the chief seat of the family of Drake, whose arms

Unhonour'd by one tuneful voice
That may his mighty ghost rejoice?
—No—through the dazzling radiance shed
By conquest round his laurell'd head,
Let him in dim perspective see
The tender scenes of infancy
Reflected by the Muse's art—
Then feel the welcome tear-drop start,
Richer than all the jewels set
In his bright princely coronet.
—Dismantled now the courts and void,
The goodly fabric half destroy'd,
And at the hospitable hearth,
Once echoing to the festive mirth
Of knights and squires assembled round
The board their morning's sport had crown'd,
Unmindful of the waste of years,
The good-wife plies her household cares,
Or marks the embers as they burn,
To greet the farmer's late return.

Yet still you may distinguish, o'er
Yon desecrated chapel's door,

(argent, a wyvern (or winged dragon) with wings displayed, gules,) are still visible over the door of the chapel. John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, was born here in 1650, his mother being then on a visit to her father, Sir John Drake, the proprietor of the mansion.

Couchant, the coil'd and winged snake
That figures forth the name of Drake —
— With daring crest and scaly hide —
Such as Sir Bernard's ill-starr'd pride *
(In pomp of heraldry) denied
To a far greater Drake, whose fame
Out-shone the herald's loftiest claim —
Not as the Maiden Queen, in scorn
Of ancestry, would have it borne
By her great captain — wise as brave —
(When for his proud device she gave
The ship that bore him o'er the wave)
— On 'scutcheon downward hung, and fast
Suspended to the boastful mast.

* —— "There fell out a contest between Sir Bernard and the immortal Sir Francis Drake, chiefly occasioned by Sir Francis his assuming Sir Bernard's coat of arms, not being able to make out his descent from the family; (a matter, in those days, when the court of honour was in more honour, not so easily digested). The feud hereupon increased to that degree, that Sir Bernard, being a person of high spirit, gave Sir Francis a box on the ear, and that within the verge of the court. For which offence he incurred her Majesty's displeasure, and, most probably, it proved the occasion of the Queen bestowing upon Sir Francis Drake a new coat of everlasting honour to himself and his posterity; — and, what is more, for his crest, *a ship on a globe under ruff, held by a cable-rope, with a hand out of the clouds; in the rigging whereof is hung up by the heels* A WIVERN GULES (Sir Bernard's arms)." — Prince's Worthies of Devon, Art. Drake, (Sir Bern.).

Now to old ocean's hollow cave
Axe pours a broader, deeper wave,
Swoln by a thousand nameless rills,
Fast trickling from the western hills,
That with their woody summits crown
Old Colyton's baronial town,
And Colcombe's walls (with ivy dark)
And Shute's grey towers and mossy park *
— No longer now defiance breathing,
As when stout Devon's Earl, unsheathing
The sword in sainted Henry's right,
Challeng'd fierce Bonville to the fight,
(— Plantagenet's devoted knight).
— This is no dream! I see them yet,
As when on Clyst's brown heath they met,
(Radiant in arms,) — and with them, set
In meet array on either side,
(As sway'd by favour, or allied

* Colcombe Castle, and Shute House and Park, both now belonging to Sir William Pole, whose ancestor (the celebrated antiquary) acquired them by purchase in the reign of Elizabeth, were (at the commencement of the war of the two Roses) the principal seats, the one of Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, (a zealous Lancastrian)—the other of William Lord Bonville (an equally strenuous adherent of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York). The ensuing lines relate to a conflict stated to have taken place on Clyst Heath, in the year 1455, between these two noblemen and their numerous retainers, in which Lord Bonville proved victorious, the gates of Exeter being in consequence opened to him and his party.

In kindred ties of blood and name,)
All Devon's worthies crowding came,
Eager to try the desp'rate game.
Alike regardless of the cause,
Each for his feudal chieftain draws
The ready glaive, content to share
With him the toils and meed of war,
And leave the schoolmen to debate
Those knottier subtleties of state,
Whether the Red Rose or the White,
The King in fact, or King by right, *
Holds Heaven's commission in the fight.

* * * * * * * * *

Ere half the promis'd song is sung,
My voice is check'd, my harp unstrung —
The knightly vision melts away
Of glittering arms and banners gay —
Imagination quits her throne —
The winged fancies all have flown,
And leave the field to noise and strife,
The dull realities of life.

* The distinction between the king "*de facto*" and "*de jure*," first known in law at this period, and the scholastic as well as political disputes to which it gave occasion, are well known to historical readers.

Farewell, my muse! Another day
We may renew our pleasant play—
But now—although it grieve my heart—
'Tis time that thou and I should part.
Farewell, my muse! Another year
Will soon speed on in swift career—
Dark winter's fogs will soon take wing,
And fly before the laughing spring—
Soon bright-ey'd summer pass—and soon
Brown autumn, with his harvest moon
Return—and we will loiter then
'Mongst Devon's river-nymphs again.

And is it thus our idle rhyme
Would urge the flying wheels of time?
And dare we thus (infirm of will)
In blind anticipation still
Of some imagin'd hour unknown,
Lose that which only is our own?
—Farewell, my muse! Another day
Will bring such leisure as it may—
—That's not for me or you to say.
All is, though we're no longer young,
As when we first together sung—
Though time has check'd your wanton flow,
And plac'd some wrinkles on my brow—

We are not yet too old to sport
Where Mirth and Fancy keep their court.
And so my farewell I repeat,
Not as if doom'd no more to meet,
Yet dwelling on the unwelcome word,
Like some fond lover, who has heard
The well-known signal to be gone —
And still looks back, and lingers on,
Afraid to strike the note of sorrow,
Though hoping to return to-morrow.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE,

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY, BY ONE OF THE LAKE POETS.

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,

Turning and twisting
 Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting
 With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,

And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,

And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

A SKETCH.

Light was her step, no sound her movements made;
With bending head, her breath she scarcely drew
Before that couch on which her babe was laid
Slumb'ring, — a rose-bud, gemm'd with morning dew,
The type of his rare beauty, — one soft cheek
Towards her turn'd with an unconscious smile,
One little arm, stretch'd forth as to bespeak
A mother's fond caress. — She gaz'd awhile.
Silent the lips, but from their fringed lids
Those blue eyes shoot a glance of tenderness,
Most eloquent. — Tho' love to speak forbids,
With her clasp'd hands she knelt the babe to bless.
No change could steal from that fair form its grace;
Her robe descended in harmonious flow,
And Heaven was in her looks; her youthful face
Suffused with piety's seraphic glow.

But more alarm'd she moved, — for by her side
He stood, the father of that cherish'd child,

And half her lovely features feign'd to chide;
But, soon relenting, she more sweetly smil'd,
Beseeching silence. He, meanwhile, subdu'd,
Dropt lowly by her on one bended knee,
Scarce conscious whilst he worshipp'd, that he woo'd
The heavenly glance of love and piety,
Reflecting but the pure unsullied breast,
Where the immortal spirit shone confess'd.

CAMERONIAN DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the moorland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,
Engrav'd on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of
Sion,
All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

It was morning, and summer's young sun, from the east,
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast,
On Woodlaw, and Cairn-table, the clear shining dew,
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath-bells and mountain-
flowers blue.

And far up in Heaven in the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes lengthen'd and deep,
Was the whistling of plovers, and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breath'd music and
gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of green July's bright morning.

But, ah! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings,
Illumin'd by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from this scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-
morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who, with Cameron, were
lying
Conceal'd 'mong the mist, where the heath-fowl was
crying;
For the horsemen of Earl's-hall around them were
hov'ring,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty
cov'ring.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheath'd,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brow was un-
breath'd;
With eyes rais'd to Heaven in meek resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died midst derision and laughter,
As the hosts of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were
shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous stood calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as proud and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming;
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When, in Wellwood's dark moorlands, the mighty were
falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat had
ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,
The drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turn'd upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are
    riding. —
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye,
A crown never-fading, a kingdom of glory!

A NOVEMBER NIGHT'S TRAVELLER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS COLLECTION.

He, who with journey well begun,
Beneath the beam of morning's sun,
Stretching his view o'er hill and dale,
And distant city, (thro' its veil
Of smoke, dark spires and chimnies shewing,)
O'er harvest-lands with plenty flowing,
What time the rous'd and busy, meeting
On King's highway, exchange their greeting,—
Feels his cheer'd heart with pleasure beat,
As on his way he holds. And great
Delight hath he, who travels late,
What time the moon doth hold her state
In the clear sky, while down and dale
Repose in light so pure and pale!—
While lake and pool and stream are seen
Weaving their maze of silv'ry sheen,—
While cot and mansion, rock and glade,
And tower and street, in light and shade

Strongly contrasted, are, I trow!
Grander than aught of noon-day show,
Soothing the pensive mind.
And yet,
When moon is dark, and sun is set,
Not reft of pleasure is the wight,
Who, in snug chaise, at close of night
Begins his journey in the dark,
With crack of whip and ban-dog's bark,
And jarring wheels, and children bawling,
And voice of surly ostler, calling
To post-boy, thro' the mingled din,
Some message to a neighb'ring inn,
Which sound confus'dly in his ear;
The lonely way's commencing cheer.

With dull November's starless sky
O'er head, his fancy soars not high.
The carriage lamps a white light throw
Along the road, and strangely shew
Familiar things which cheat the eyes,
Like friends in motley masker's guise.
"What's that? or dame, or mantled maid,
Or herdboy gather'd in his plaid,
Which leans against yon wall his back?
No; 'tis in sooth a tiny stack

Of turf or peat, or rooty wood,
For cottage fire the winter's food.—"
"Ha! yonder shady nook discovers
A gentle pair of rustic lovers.
Out on't! a pair of harmless calves,
Thro' straggling bushes seen by halves.—"
"What thing of strange unshapely height
Approaches slowly on the light,
That like a hunch-back'd giant seems,
And now is whit'ning in its beams?
'Tis but a hind, whose burly back
Is bearing home a loaded sack.—"
"What's that, like spots of flecker'd snow,
Which on the road's wide margin show?
'Tis linen left to bleach by night."
"Gra'mercy on us! see I right?
Some witch is casting cantraips there;
The linen hovers in the air!—
Pooh! soon or late all wonders cease,
We have but scared a flock of geese.—"
Thus oft thro' life we do misdeem
Of things that are not what they seem.
Ah! could we there with as slight skathe
Divest us of our cheated faith!

And then belike, when chiming bells
The near approach of waggon tells,
He wistful looks to see it come,
Its bulk emerging from the gloom,
With dun tarpawling o'er it thrown,
Like a huge mammoth, moving on.
But yet more pleas'd, thro' murky air
He spies the distant bonfire's glare;
And, nearer to the spot advancing,
Black imps and goblins round it dancing;
And, nearer still, distinctly traces
The featur'd disks of happy faces,
Grinning and roaring in their glory,
Like Bacchants wild of ancient story,
And making murgeons to the flame,
As *it* were play-mate of their game.
Full well, I'trow, could modern stage
Such acting for the nonce engage,
A crowded audience every night
Would press to see the jovial sight;
And this, from cost and squeezing free,
November's nightly trav'ller's see.

Thro' village, lâne, or hamlet going,
The light from cottage window shewing

Its inmates at their evening fare,
By rousing fire, and earthenware —
And pewter trenchers on the shelf, —
Harmless display of worldly pelf! —
Is transient vision to the eye
Of hasty trav'ller passing by;
Yet much of pleasing import tells,
And cherish'd in the fancy dwells,
Where simple innocence and mirth
Encircle still the cottage hearth.
Across the road a fiery glare
Doth blacksmith's open forge declare,
Where furnace-blast, and measur'd din
Of hammers twain, and all within, —
The brawny mates their labour plying,
From heated bar the red sparks flying,
And idle neighbours standing by
With open mouth and dazzled eye,
The rough and sooty walls with store
Of chains and horse-shoes studded o'er, —
An armory of sullied sheen, —
All momently are heard and seen.

Nor does he often fail to meet,
In market town's dark narrow street,

(Even when the night on pitchy wings
The sober hour of bed-time brings,)
Amusement. From the alehouse door,
Having full bravely paid his score,
Issues the tipsy artisan,
With tipsier brother of the can,
And oft to wile him homeward tries
With coaxing words, so wond'rous wise!
The dame demure, from visit late,
Her lantern borne before in state
By sloven footboy, paces slow,
With patten'd feet and hooded brow.
Where the seam'd, window-board betrays
Interior light, full closely lays
The eves-dropper his curious ear,
Some neighbour's fire-side talk to hear;
While, from an upper casement bending,
A household maid, belike, is sending
From jug or ewer a slopy shower,
That makes him homeward fleetly scour.
From lower rooms few gleams are sent,
From blazing hearth, thro' chink or rent;
But from the loftier chambers peer
(Where damsels doff their gentle geer,

For rest preparing,) tapers bright,
Which give a momentary sight
Of some fair form with visage glowing,
With loosen'd braids and tresses flowing,
Who, busied, by the mirror stands,
With bending head and up-rais'd hands,
Whose moving shadow strangely falls
With size enlarged on roof and walls.
Ah! lovely are the things, I ween,
By arrowy Speed's light glam'rie seen!
Fancy, so touch'd, will long retain
That quickly seen, nor seen again.

But now he spies the flaring door
Of bridled Swan or gilded Boar,
At which the bowing waiter stands
To know th' alighting guest's commands.
A place of bustle, dirt, and din,
Cursing without, scolding within;
Of narrow means and ample boast,
The trav'ller's stated halting post,
Where trunks are missing or derang'd,
And parcels lost and horses chang'd.

Yet this short scene of noisy coil
But serves our trav'ller as a foil,

Enhancing what succeeds, and lending
A charm to pensive quiet, sending
To home and friends, left far behind,
The kindliest musings of his mind;
Or, should they stray to thoughts of pain,
A dimness o'er the haggard train
A mood and hour like this will throw,
As vex'd and burthen'd spirits know.

Night, loneliness, and motion are
Agents of power to distance care;
To distance, not discard; for then,
Withdrawn from busy haunts of men,
Necessity to act suspended,
The present, past, and future blended,
Like figures of a mazy dance,
Weave round the soul a dreamy trance,
Till jolting stone, or turnpike gate,
Arouse him from the soothing state.

And when the midnight hour is past,
If thro' the night his journey last,
When still and lonely is the road,
Nor living creature moves abroad,
Then most of all, like fabled wizard,
Night slily dons her cloak and vizard,

His eyes at ev'ry corner greeting,
With some new slight of dext'rous cheating,
And cunningly his sight betrays,
Ev'n with his own lamps' partial rays.

The road, that in fair simple day
Thro' pasture-land or corn-fields lay,
A broken hedge-row's ragged screen
Skirting its weedy margin green, —
With boughs projecting, interlac'd
With thorn and briar, distinctly trac'd
On the deep shadows at their back,
That deeper sink to pitchy black,
Appearing oft to Fancy's eye,
Like woven boughs of tapestrie, —
Seems now to wind thro' tangled wood,
Or forest wild, where Robin Hood,
With all his outlaws, stout and bold,
In olden days his reign might hold,
Where vagrant school-boy fears to roam,
The gypsy's haunt, the woodman's home.
Yea, roofless barn and ruin'd wall,
As passing lights upon them fall,
When favour'd by surrounding gloom,
The castle's ruin'd state assume.

The steamy vapour that proceeds
From moisten'd hide of weary steeds,
And high on either hand doth rise,
Like clouds, storm-drifted, past him flies;
While liquid mire, by their hoof'd feet
Cast up, adds magic to the cheat,
Glancing presumptuously before him,
Like yellow diamonds of Cairngorum.

How many are the subtle ways,
By which sly Night the eye betrays,
When in her wild fantastic mood,
By lone and wakeful trav'ller woo'd!
Shall I proceed? O no! for now,
Upon the black horizon's brow
Appears a line of tawny light;
Thy reign is ended, witching Night!
And soon thy place a wizard elph,
(But only second to thyself
In glam'rie's art) will quietly take,
Spreading o'er meadow, vale, and brake,
Her misty shroud of pearly white: —
A modest, tho' deceitful wight,
Who in a softer, gentler way,
Will with the wakeful fancy play,

When knolls of woods, their bases losing,
Are islands on a lake reposing,
And streeted town, of high pretence,
As rolls away the vapour dense,
With all its wavy curling billows,
Is but a row of pollard willows. —
O no! my trav'ller, still and lone,
A far fatiguing way hath gone;
His eyes are dim, he stoops his crest,
And folds his arms, and goes to rest.

A SIMILE.

I SAW the wild rose on its parent thorn,
  Half clos'd, soft blushing, thro' the glitt'ring dew,
Wave on the breeze, and scent the breath of morn;
  Lelia, the lovely flow'r resembled you.

Scarce had it spread to meet the orb of day,
  Its fragrant beauties op'ning to the view,
When ruffian blasts have torn the rose away;
  Lelia—alas! it still resembles you!

So, torn, by wild and lawless passion's force,
  From every social tie, thy lot must be;
At best oblivion shades thy future course,
  And still the hapless flow'r resembles thee!

TOMORROW.

How heavy falls the foot of time!
How slow the ling'ring quarters chime,
  Thro' anxious hours of long delay!
In vain we watch the silent glass,
More slow the sands appear to pass,
  While disappointment marks their way.

Tomorrow— still the phantom flies,
Flitting away before our eyes,
  Eludes our grasp, is pass'd and gone;
Daughter of hope, night o'er thee flings
The shadow of her raven wings,
  And in the morning thou art flown.

Delusive sprite! from day to day,
We still pursue thy pathless way;
  Thy promise broken o'er and o'er,
Man still believes, and is thy slave;
Nor ends the chase but in the grave,
  For there, *tomorrow* is no more!

ADDRESS

TO THE NYMPH OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM BETWEEN THE ARROCHAR AND CAIRNDOW, IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

NYMPH of the mountain stream, thy foaming urn
Wastes its pure waters on the rock below,
There no green herbage can a leaf return,
No plant can flourish, and no flow'r can blow;
Stern solitude, whose frown the heart appals,
Dwells on the heath-clad hills around thy water-falls.

Yet, not in vain thy murm'ring fountain flows,—
It cheers the wand'rer in the dreary waste,
Awakes dull silence from his dead repose,
And charms the ear of fancy and of taste;
For this, the grateful muse would round thee twine,
The blushing desart rose, and lowly eglantine.

When distant far from this enchanting scene
Of castles, winding straths, and tufted woods,
From Lomond's fairy banks and islands green,
His cloud-capt mountains and his silver floods,
Mem'ry shall turn in many a waking dream,
To meet thee, lonely nymph, beside thy mountain stream.

SONG.

WHEN hollow bursts the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the show'r,
This anxious, aching bosom finds
No comfort in its power.

For ah, my love! it little knows
What thy hard fate may be;
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath twin'd the thread
On which our days depend,
And darkling in the chequer'd shade
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be thy doom,
The lot is cast for me;
Or in the world, or in the tomb,
My heart is fix'd on thee.

THE sun declines, his joyous course is o'er,
And night creeps on the unwilling world once more;
Beneath the wave he sinks, but not to rest,
For distant nations greet their welcome guest;
There morning glows whilst here it is not night,
And round the wide world spreads the realm of light;
O'er all the sky his blushing beams are thrown,
The ocean smiles in glory not its own,
Heaven weeps in dews o'er all the joys he shed,
And light still lingers though the sun be fled;
So hope, when banish'd from her favorite home,
The youthful heart, is forc'd for peace to roam,
Deals not a sudden death-blow to the breast,
But spreads her wing and leaves to time the rest;
Still shines the soil where late her foot hath trod,
And perfumes scent her newly left abode;
The hues she lent still linger o'er each scene,
Like beauty on the lips where death hath been;
But soon we mourn the kindly beam that shone,
Night comes apace, our deity is gone,
Thick chilling mists freeze up the shivering soul,
And clouds on clouds their darker influence roll—
Unlike the sun, Hope lights no bright'ning star
To cheer our night when she is wandering far,
Creation smiles while yet endures her reign,
That o'er, she sets, and rises not again.

FRIENDS! when I die, prepare my welcome grave
Where the eternal ocean rolls his wave;
Rough tho' the blast, still let his freeborn breeze,
Which freshness wafts to earth from endless seas,
Sigh o'er my sleep, and let his glancing spray,
Weep tear-drops sparkling with an heavenly ray,
A constant mourner then shall watch my tomb,
And nature deepen while it soothes the gloom.

O let that element whose voice had power
To cheer my darkest, soothe my loneliest hour,
Which thro' my life my spirit lov'd so well,
Still o'er my grave its tale of glory tell.

The gen'rous ocean, whose proud waters bear
The spoil and produce they disdain to wear,
Whose wave claims kindred with the azure sky
From whom reflected stars beam gloriously;
Emblem of God! unchanging, infinite,
Awful alike in loveliness and might,
Rolls still untiring like the tide of time,
Binds man to man and mingles clime with clime.

And as the sun, which from each lake and stream
Thro' all the world, where'er their waters gleam,
Collects the cloud his heavenly ray conceals,
And slakes the thirst which all creation feels,
So ocean gathers tribute from each shore,
To bid each climate know its want no more.

Exil'd on earth, a fetter'd prisoner here,
Barr'd from all treasures which my heart holds dear,
The kindred soul, the fame my youth desir'd,
Whilst hope hath fled which once each vision fir'd;
Dead to all joy, still on my fancy glow
Dreams of delight which heaven-ward thoughts bestow,
Not then in death shall I unconscious be
Of that whose whispers are eternity

Tho' pleasures fade, and wealth is gone,
And eyes, that once with fondness shone,
Look cold upon thee now;
Tho' sorrow still and misery
Roll in like billows from the sea,
And beat upon thy brow;

Tho' earth, a waste of waters seem,
And joy 's remember'd as a dream
Which smil'd and pass'd away;
Tho' fancy can no more create
One scene to cheer thy darken'd fate,
Or paint one happy day;

Tho' all around look waste and chill,
And wretchedness and sense of ill
Make youth an old age seem;
In heaven no barrenness appears,
Gaze up to yonder heavenly spheres
Where hopes as heavenly beam.

TO COUNT ——,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

When first I saw her, blushing like the rose,
And tints of beauty o'er her forehead spread;
E'en then I trembled for thy coming woes,
And knew her number'd with the early dead!

I saw the treach'rous lustre of her eye,
Which seem'd from youth and love its rays to gain,
Foretell, how soon its living light would lie
Extinguish'd, in the final scene of pain.

On dewy lips of coral's ruddy red,
Round which in dimples soft sweet graces play'd;
I, doubting, fix'd a cause of anxious dread,
And view'd their change, in death's pale hues array'd.

Her faded form, the wreck of beauty's mould,
Her lily hand, which thine so fondly press'd;
That health would ne'er return, these sadly told,
And wak'd suspicions, hope in vain repress'd.

Her playful fancy, mem'ry's happy child
From joys already prov'd, fair visions drew;
I felt them vain, yet such *thy* fears beguil'd,
And love like *thine* deserved to find them true.

Thy constant faith, no trying moment chill'd;
Each mournful duty seem'd a willing joy;
Thy patient tenderness each office fill'd,
Nor would for Gabrielle strangers' hands employ.

From day to day, more certain signs exprest,
No genial care could save the drooping flow'r;
Yet foster'd by *thy* hand, its fragrant breast
Still open'd to endure one ling'ring hour.

That hour expired, thy Gabrielle's spirit fled;
A passing struggle shook her feeble frame,
Pillow'd upon thy arms, she bowed her head,
And flutt'ring, breathed a *something* like thy name.

Nor doubt her grateful spirit shall retain,
In realms of peace, affections justly thine,
Refined and purified from earthly stain,
Their date eternal, and their flame divine.

SIR MAURICE,

A BALLAD, WRITTEN FOR THIS COLLECTION.

Sir Maurice was a wealthy lord,
He liv'd in the north countrie,
Well would he cope with foe-man's sword,
Or the glance of a lady's eye.

Now all his armed vassals wait,
A staunch and burly band,
Before his stately castle's gate,
Bound for the Holy Land.

Above the spearmen's lengthen'd file,
Are figur'd ensigns flying;
Strok'd by their keeper's hand the while,
Are harness'd chargers neighing.

And looks of woe, and looks of cheer,
And looks the two between,
On many a warlike face appear,
Where tears have lately been.

For all they love is left behind;
  Hope beckons them before:
Their parting sails spread to the wind,
  Blown from their native shore.

Then thro' the crowded portal pass'd
  Six goodly knights and tall;
Sir Maurice himself, who came the last,
  Was goodliest of them all.

And proudly rov'd his hasty eye
  O'er all the warlike train; —
" Save ye, brave comrades! prosp'rously,
  Heaven send us o'er the main!

" But see I right? an armed band
  From Moorham's lordless hall;
And he who bears the high command,
  Its ancient seneschal!

" Return; your stately keep defend;
  Defend your lady's bower,
Lest rude and lawless hands should rend,
  That lone and lovely flower." —

" God will defend our lady dear,
And we will cross the sea,
From slav'ry's chain, his lot severe,
Our noble lord to free." —

" Nay, nay ! some wand'ring minstrel's tongue,
Hath fram'd a story vain ;
Thy lord, his liegemen brave among,
Near Acre's wall was slain." —

" Nay, good my lord ! for had his life
Been lost on battle-ground,
When ceas'd that fell and fatal strife,
His body had been found." —

" No faith to such delusions give ;
His mortal term is past."—
" Not so ! not so ! he is alive,
And will be found at last !"

These latter words right eagerly,
From a slender stripling broke,
Who stood the ancient warrior by,
And trembled as he spoke.

Sir Maurice started at the sound,
And all from top to toe
The stripling scann'd, who to the ground
His blushing face bent low.

"Is this thy kinsman, seneschal?
Thine own or thy sister's son?
A gentler page, in tent or hall,
Mine eyes ne'er look'd upon.—

"To thine own home return, fair youth!
To thine own home return,
Give ear to likely, sober truth,
Nor prudent counsel spurn.

"War suits thee not, if boy thou art;
And if a sweeter name
Befit thee, do not lightly part
With maiden's honour'd fame."

He turn'd him from his liegemen all,
Who round their chieftain press'd;
His very shadow on the wall
His troubled mind express'd,

As sometimes slow and sometimes fast,
He paced to and fro,
His plumy crest now upward cast
In air, now drooping low.

Sometimes like one in frantic mood,
Short words of sound he utter'd,
And sometimes, stopping short, he stood,
As to himself he mutter'd.

"A daughter's love, a maiden's pride!
And may they not agree?
Could man desire a lov'lier bride,
A truer friend than she?"

"Down, cursed thought! a boy's garb
Betrays not wanton will,
Yet, sharper than an arrow's barb,
That fear might haunt me still."

He mutter'd long, then to the gate,
Return'd and look'd around,
But the seneschal and his stripling mate
Were no where to be found.

With outward cheer and inward smart,
In warlike fair array,
Did Maurice with his bands depart,
And shoreward bent his way.

Their stately ship rode near the port,
The warriors to receive,
And there, with blessings kind but short,
Did friends of friends take leave.

And soon they saw the crowded strand
Wear dimly from their view,
And soon they saw the distant land,
A line of hazy blue.

The white-sail'd ship with fav'ring breeze,
In all her gallant pride,
Mov'd like the mistress of the seas,
That rippled far and wide.

Sometimes with steady course she went,
O'er wave and surge careering,
Sometimes with sidelong mast she bent,
Her wings the sea-foam sheering.

Sometimes, with poles and rigging bare,
She scudded before the blast,
But safely by the Syrian shore,
Her anchor dropt at last.

What martial honours Maurice won,
Join'd with the brave and great,
From the fierce, faithless Saracen,
I may not here relate.

With boldest band on bridge or moat,
With champion on the plain,
I' th' breach with clust'ring foes he fought,
Chok'd up with grizly slain.

Most valiant by the valiant styl'd,
Their praise his deeds proclaim'd,
And oft his liegemen proudly smil'd
To hear their leader nam'd.

But fate will quell the hero's strength,
And dim the loftiest brow,
And this, our noble chief, at length
Was in the dust laid low.

He lay the heaps of dead beneath,
As sunk life's flick'ring flame,
And thought it was the trance of death,
That o'er his senses came.

And when again day's blessed light
Did on his vision fall,
There stood by his side, — a wond'rous sight!
The ancient seneschal.

He strove, but could not utter word,
His misty senses fled;
Again he woke, and Moorham's lord
Was bending o'er his bed.

A third time sank he, as if dead,
And then, his eye-lids raising,
He saw a chief with turban'd head,
Intently on him gazing.

" The prophet's zealous servant I;
His battles I've fought and won;
Christians I scorn, their creeds deny,
But honour Mary's son.

"And I have wedded an English dame,
And set her parent free;
And none, who wears an English name,
Shall e'er be thrall'd by me.

"For her dear sake I can endure
All wrong, all hatred smother;
Whate'er I feel, thou art secure,
As tho' thou wert my brother."—

"And thou hast wedded an English dame!"
Sir Maurice said no more,
For o'er his heart soft weakness came,
He sigh'd and wept full sore.

And many a dreary day and night
With the Moslem chief stay'd he,
But ne'er could catch, to bless his sight,
One glimpse of the fair lady.

Oft gazed he on her lattice high
As he paced the court below,
And turn'd his list'ning ear to try
If word or accent low

Might haply reach him there; and oft
  Traversed the garden green,
Wotting her footsteps small and soft
  Might on the turf be seen.

And oft to Moorham's lord he gave
  His list'ning ear, who told,
How he became a wretched slave
  Within that Syrian hold;

What time from liegemen parted far,
  Upon the battle field,
By stern and adverse fate of war
  He was obliged to yield:

And how his daughter did by stealth
  So boldly cross the sea
With secret store of gather'd wealth,
  To set her father free:

And how into the foemen's hands
  She and her people fell;
And how (herself in captive bands)
  She sought him in his cell;

And but a captive boy appear'd,
  Till grief her sex betray'd,
And the fierce Saracen, so fear'd!
  Spoke gently to the maid:

How for her plighted hand sued he,
  And solemn promise gave,
Her noble father should be free
  With ev'ry Christian slave;

(For many there, in bondage kept,
  Felt the stern rule of vice;)
How, long she ponder'd, sorely wept,
  Then paid the fearful price.—

A tale which made his bosom thrill,
  His faded eyes to weep;
He, waking, thought upon it still,
  And saw it in his sleep.

But harness rings, and the trumpet's bray
  Again to battle calls;
And Christian pow'rs, in grand array,
  Are near those Moslem walls.

Sir Maurice heard; untoward fate!
Sad to be thought upon:
But the castle's lord unlock'd its gate,
And bade his guest be gone.

"Fight thou for faith by thee ador'd;
By thee so well maintain'd!
But never may this trusty sword
With blood of thine be stain'd!" —

Sir Maurice took him by the hand,
"God bless thee too," — he cried;
Then to the nearest Christian band
With mingl'd feelings hied.

The battle join'd, with dauntless pride
'Gainst foemen, foemen stood;
And soon the fatal field was dyed
With many a brave man's blood.

At length gave way the Moslem force;
Their valiant chief was slain;
Maurice protected his lifeless corse,
And bore it from the plain.

There's mourning in the Moslem halls,
 A dull and dismal sound:
The lady left its 'leaguer'd walls,
 And safe protection found.

When months were past, the widow'd dame
 Look'd calm and cheerfully;
Then Maurice to her presence came,
 And bent him on his knee.

What words of penitence or suit
 He utter'd, pass we by;
The lady wept, awhile was mute,
 Then gave this firm reply:

"That thou didst doubt my maiden pride
 (A thought that rose and vanish'd
So fleetingly) I will not chide;
 'Tis from remembrance banish'd.

"But thy fair fame, earn'd by that sword,
 Still spotless shall it be:
I was the bride of a Moslem lord,
 And will never be bride to thee."

So firm, tho' gentle, was her look,
  Hope i' the instant fled:
A solemn, dear farewell he took,
  And from her presence sped.

And she a plighted nun became,
  God serving day and night;
And he of blest Jerusalem
  A brave and zealous knight.

But that their lot was one of woe,
  Wot ye, because of this
Their sep'rate single state? if so,
  In sooth ye judge amiss.

She tends the helpless stranger's bed,
  For alms her wealth is stor'd;
On her meek worth God's grace is shed,
  Man's grateful blessings pour'd.

He still in warlike mail doth stalk,
  In arms his prowess prove;
And oft of siege or battle talk,
  And sometimes of his love.

She was the fairest of the fair,
The gentlest of the kind;
Search ye the wide world every where,
Her like ye shall not find.

She *was* the fairest, *is* the best,
Too good for a monarch's bride;
I would not give her in her nun's coif dress'd
For all her sex beside.

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